The Nation

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The Week

The movement for a revision of the rules governing the make-up of Republican National Conventions is gaining head. Senator Root's approval of the proposal to hold a special Convention next autumn will give it impetus. The purposes are the changing of the basis of representation, and of the rules so as to permit the choice of delegates in each State to be made according to the laws of that State. The latter is a point that never assumed prominence until it came up in a disastrous form in connection with the California delegation at the Convention of last year. The former, on the other hand, has been a source of notorious scandal for two-score years. The reluctance of the party to change the rule that representation for each State shall be on the same basis in the Convention as in the electoral college is easy to understand. To abandon it is to acknowledge explicitly the abnormal condition that exists in the Southern States. This reluctance was perfectly honest on the part of the rank and file; the machine managers, for their part, were glad enough, for interested reasons, to let things stay as they were. But the practical effect of the situation was to destroy the representative character of the Convention; and, when it came to a death-grapple like that of last summer, everybody perceived that the continuance of a system under which a large part of the Convention represented virtually nothing was intolerable. The only trouble about Mr. Roosevelt's uproar on the subject was that he had no right to expect that a system which had been in existence for half a century, and which he had fully exploited when it suited him, would be instantly abandoned the moment it got in his way.

Cardinal Gibbons is evidently very serious in his opposition to self-government for the Philippines, but he has chosen to cast his objections into humorous form. It is, of course, humor of a subtle and delicate kind, in keeping with the character and dignity of the distinguished prelate, but humor nevertheless. The Cardinal is quoted as saying:

> In the first place, I maintain that the Filipinos—the vast majority of them, at any rate—have never been consulted regarding their independence. The islands composing the archipelago number over three thousand and are widely scattered. The people of one island have little or no relation with the inhabitants of another. . . . There has been no plébiscite, and it would require days and weeks for them to gather and register their opinions on the subject.

Compare with the summary manner in which it is proposed to turn the Filipinos adrift, our careful procedure when we took over the islands. A rigorous plébiscite was carried out. To every one of the three thousand islands in the Philippine archipelago went a revenue cutter carrying a force of United States marines, a ballot-box, and four official tellers. The utmost freedom was extended to every Filipino, man, woman, or child, to register his or her vote. Only after the vote from the three thousand islands had been carefully counted and compiled and checked and re-checked, and the unanimous desire of the Filipinos to be annexed was made manifest, did we step in and take possession.

The decision of the Supreme Court upholding the constitutionality of the "white slave" law is highly important in itself, and not less so in its bearing on other questions involving the limits of the power of the Federal Government over interstate traffic. The Court was unanimous in its finding, and the result is thought to be almost conclusive as to the position the Court will take upon a law forbidding the transportation of liquor for sale in States in which such sale is prohibited by State law. Another subject which, according to a Washington dispatch, is regarded by lawyers there as likewise virtually settled by the decision is that of laws prohibiting the transportation in interstate commerce of goods produced under labor conditions that are not regarded as coming up to modern standards. But, whatever the Supreme Court may, in point of fact, decide when such legislation comes before it for action, there is a very sharp distinction between a law of this kind and such a law as that whose validity has just been declared. It was a chief contention that the Federal power asserted in this law was an invasion of the rights reserved to the State; but, says the Court, in the course of its opinion, "if such power be exerted to control what the States cannot, it is an argument for—not against—its legality." The case of an interstate regulation in the interest of uniform labor legislation in all the States stands on a very different footing.

London dispatches confirm last week's story of a steamship company with a capital of $15,000,000, to build a fleet of new ships to ply between our Atlantic and Pacific ports via the Panama Canal. One peculiarity of the scheme is that the Hamburg-American Steamship Company is to be half-owner of the new company, contributing $7,500,000. This is borne out by a letter from Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg-American Company. The ships would be built in American shipyards, and would be exempt from canal tolls, under existing law. They would therefore (as Secretary Knox said to Sir Edward Grey) receive a subsidy from the United States equal to the amount paid by other ships not so exempt. Thus it would turn out that the Hamburg-American Company, which has never had a subsidy from its own Government, would receive one from ours. This shows that the new enterprise is not without its comic features.

From Mr. Bryce's remark, in his address to the New York County Lawyers' Association, that the outcry against the judiciary is not without provocation, few will be found to dissent. Criticism of judges has long been familiar in this country, and has been confined to no party and no school of opinion. What is novel in late years, and characteristic of that restless segment of the population which has in large measure taken up the Roosevelt banner, is on the one hand a certain looseness and wildness of criticism, and on the other a childish readiness to seize upon the first thing that offers itself by way of remedy. Mr. Bryce, having in mind the proprieties of his position, expresses no opinion as to the controversial question of the recall of judges; but he does not feel debarred from discussing the gen-

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eral problem. And, as a mere matter of course, he refers to it as the problem of insuring "that the State's judges be men who possess eminent capacity and independence of character." Well, does any advocate of the recall venture to maintain that that device will tend to the obtaining of such judges? The most that can be claimed for it is that it will get a bad judge *off* the bench; and probably not one in a hundred of those who jump at the nostrum has taken the trouble to think of the difference between occasionally getting rid of a bad judge and constantly obtaining judges of "eminent capacity and independence of character." The tendency of the recall will be to make such judges much more scarce than they are now—to increase, instead of diminishing, the difference between the standards of the American judiciary and those of the English or Canadian. The difference between Mr. Bryce's talk and that of the recall people is precisely the difference between a grown man's thinking and a child's.

By admitting Edward F. Mylius, the Englishman who was convicted of criminally libelling King George, a United States court has again warned the Secretary of Commerce and his subordinates that there are other views of the immigration laws than their own narrow ones. Judge Noyes holds that Mylius's offence involved no moral turpitude, and he is now at liberty to reside in this country. Secretary Nagel says he will appeal, as he has threatened to in the case of Castro, which was a more flagrant bit of blundering by the Department than that of Mylius. This appeal will, we believe, not avail the Department. These two judicial decisions have been among the most salutary of recent political happenings. Primarily, they demonstrate the necessity of having these guardians of the law to review the acts of administrative officers. Otherwise abuses of all kinds would arise out of the whims of temporary officials. The very stability of these courts means stability of policy. In such cases as these the courts demonstrate something the public is now inclined to overlook: that they form one of the greatest bulwarks of our liberties.

All the old saws about the way to economize have been left far behind by the present Congress. Its rule for saving is to double the expenditures. The Public Buildings bill, which left the House carrying $25,000,000, was promptly reported to the Senate with $20,000,000 more clapped on. Yet all this must have been done in the spirit of the severest retrenchment, for everybody in the Capitol is loud in praises of economy, and ready at any moment to make a vigorous speech in favor of cutting to the quick all appropriations in which he is not directly interested. Economy never had so many votaries, apparently, yet so few practitioners. Every Congressman would be a Poor Richard if he could, if we were to take his own word for it, yet circumstances seem to compel him to be a lavish squanderer of the public funds. He furnishes, at any rate, one argument more for the need of a system of rigid and responsible control in our national finance.

Thirty-six years ago, when the pension appropriation was about $35,000,000, Garfield spoke of the figure then reached as being, almost as a matter of course, the highest that our expenditure for war pensions would attain. The next year, however, it went up to about $57,000,000; nine years later, in 1887, it struck the $80,000,000 mark; three more years carried it up to nearly $125,000,000; it stood pretty stationary in the neighborhood of $140,000,000 for some twelve or fifteen years ending with 1906; then the figure hovered around $160,000,000 for several years, ending with $165,000,000 a year ago; and now we have the high-water mark of more than $180,000,000. Half a century after the close of the Civil War, and with no war in the interval except the short and almost bloodless affair with Spain, the pension charge on the country is more than five times what Garfield, himself an old soldier of the great war, considered as evidently the highest mark it would reach. The experience is an index of what kind of business we shall have on our hands if we ever take up the scheme of old-age and similar pensions for the people in general.

It's an ill wind that blows good to no one, and so Delaware is pricking up her ears in hopes of a transfer of the business of chartering corporations from New Jersey, their unnatural mother, to one who would fain be the right kind of step-mother to them. It has been fourteen years since the Blue Hen legislators began this endeavor to attract the affections of Big Business, but their efforts have not had much success. Yet the initiation fee for a Trust in Delaware is only about three-fourths of what it is in New Jersey; the annual tax imposed upon it is but half of that inflicted at Trenton; stockholders and directors may hold their meetings wherever they please, thus escaping the necessity of taking the ferry or the tube to Jersey City now and then; "intermeddlers" have less chance of getting at the corporation's books under the Delaware law; also, stock may be issued as compensation for service rendered, while in suspicious New Jersey it may be put out for property only. In fine, there are no fewer than eighteen points in which Delaware has the advantage of her neighbor. With Gov. Wilson's Seven Sisters looking daggers at the Trusts, is she not justified in expecting more revenue from Big and possibly Bad Business than she has yet enjoyed?

In an address, a few days ago, to the Oklahoma Legislature, Lieut.-Gov. Harding, of Iowa, warned Oklahomans not to dispose of their school lands. He pointed to the experience of Iowa, which sold hers for twelve and fifteen dollars an acre, and now sees them selling for $150 and $250. The chief difficulty in all the States, said Mr. Harding, is that there are too many laws, especially laws that are not backed up by public opinion. On the other hand, communities are inclined to try to wrest law to suit their wishes, as in the case of an Illinois town which demanded that the Governor should send militia to protect the citizens during a labor difficulty, and was surprised to find itself under martial law in consequence. "Always," remarked the speaker, "there is some fellow who wants to amend the Constitution." Also there is now an annual besieging of Legislatures by women asking for the ballot. In Iowa, according to the Lieutenant-Governor, "one session the House kills the bill, and the next the Senate does it. That's a mighty good system sometimes." But not nearly so good as it was once.

Senator Gallinger's bill to rid Washington of unworthy and, in some instances, fraudulent institutions of

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"learning" should have an effect upon the tone of education throughout the country. Owing to such things as the investigation and appraisal of medical schools by the Carnegie Foundation, people are more inclined to pay heed to adverse criticisms of our educational systems, public and private, than ever before. In the same direction would be the effect of a similar examination of law schools throughout the country, which the Foundation is reported to be making. As a people, we have never discriminated sharply between a so-called high school or college and a real one, still less between a pretended university and one deserving of the name. This has been in a measure due to the ideal we have had of education as a privilege for everybody. But we are waking up to the fact that nothing is gained by a misleading name, and that a first-class secondary school is preferable to a fourth-rate "college."

Among the interesting items offered in the Borden sale in New York last week were two volumes of original dispatches and letters of Gen. U. S. Grant, "chiefly in his own handwriting." The first volume, running from July 9, 1864, to April 7, 1865, contains 285 letters of Gen. Grant; also letters from him to President Johnson and to Congress, and a roster of the officers in the Confederate army under Lee when he surrendered. The second volume is described as containing manuscript correspondence between President Johnson and Gen. Grant "which was not permitted to be preserved in the Government archives." We do not know who purchased these volumes, but it seems clear that whatever may have been the feeling about them once, every one of these documents ought to be in the national archives. We hope that the Library of Congress has been able to get hold of them. If not, the incident merely reinforces our frequently expressed contention for an archives building and a commissioner of archives, one of whose duties should be the obtaining of just such valuable papers as these for preservation among the historic records of the Government, where they obviously belong.

It is a satisfaction to note that United States District Judge Hand has imposed on one of the two "white-slavers" convicted in his court three weeks ago the maximum sentence permitted by the law, a penitentiary term of five years. Why the other received only two years we do not know; presumably there were circumstances that justified so marked a difference. But the penalty allowed under the Federal law is not high enough. Twenty years would be none too great. In England, where the idea of flogging a convict is certainly not one that appeals to the habits of thought of the community, that punishment was recently specially provided by act of Parliament for this loathsome class of criminals, and it has actually been inflicted. The feeling there, when the subject was discussed in Parliament, was that only by providing a punishment that would really strike terror into these wretches could this peculiarly abominable crime be checked. The New York State law has, within the past few years, been amended so as to make twenty years the maximum term, and the same thing ought to be done with the Federal law.

Europe, for some time to come, will probably hear a little less of Dreadnought competitions and more of army corps and artillery reorganization. The change of interest from sea to land is undoubtedly one of the results of the Balkan War. The recent intimations from Berlin of a readiness to come to terms with Great Britain in the matter of naval construction may be explained in part as arising from a real improvement in the state of Anglo-German feeling, but in part, too, as due to the new responsibilities which the changed aspect of things in the near East has imposed on the armies of the Triple Alliance. The partners in that bond must now arm against the Balkan allies as well as against France and Russia, since there can be little doubt, in view of the intense feeling against Austria among the victorious little nationalities of the peninsula, on which side they will be found in case of a European Armageddon. Hence the steps taken in Germany for an increase in the strength of the standing army with a corresponding agitation in France. The German militarists are in a position to argue that in proportion to its population the Fatherland is by no means making the sacrifices it is capable of. With sixty-five million people to France's less than forty millions, Germany maintains a peace strength hardly superior to that of France, if at all. The German standing army is supposed to consist of just about an even 650,000 officers and men, as opposed to 565,000 for France. But the latter country has an additional 150,000 men in its colonial army, of which half is quartered in Algeria and Tunis and is readily available for service at home. Counting in the first line of reserves the French have, on paper, the advantage with an estimated total strength of 1,300,000 men to Germany's 1,160,000. But the German Landwehr would throw in an additional 600,000 men, and behind these it is estimated that there are one and a half million of partly trained recruits available.

Extracts from the diary of Abdul Hamid II, late Sultan of Turkey, are being published in a German periodical. They reveal the former Padishah as a man of wide interests, in touch with many modern movements upon which he has strong convictions of his own. His dislike for the present world-wide feminist agitation is something more than the view of a conservative Mussulman. He probably discerns in woman's uprising a social force of which he has been himself a victim. The modern man, as the ex-Sultan sees it, is so terribly browbeaten by his women folks at home that his natural impulse is to take it out of somebody else. So he takes it out of his kings. Hence the absurd Western habit of going in for constitutions, revolutions, dethronements, and the like. It was otherwise when every man was a little Sultan in his own household. He knew both the sweetness and utility of despotic power, and could sympathize with his Caliph's natural desire to hold on to what was his. And yet Abdul Hamid's present position refutes the despotic idea. The deposed monarch is happier than when he was Commander of the Faithful and lived in constant fear of assassination. His principal concern then was to keep his Ministers so busy plotting against one another that they might have no time to plot against him. His favorite literature was the daily reports from his extensive spy bureau. To-day he lives care free, his mind accessible to philosophic speculation, and with an apparently unlimited supply of the Sunday newspapers from Western Europe and the United States.

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OUR DUTY TO MEXICO.

It is needless to pile up words about the deep damnation of Madero's taking off. The official explanations of that murder, as the whole civilized world regards it, are so muddled and self-inculpatory that they only heighten the barbarity, while intensifying the shock. There may have been no direct order to kill Madero. It may be impossible to show that there was a tangible plot to take him out at night where he would be shot. But all the surroundings of the affair are suspicious and bloody. In the savage frenzy prevailing, a hint would have been equivalent to a command. From the moment it was known that the deposed President was not to be allowed to leave the country, the worst was to be feared for him. He was felt to be a doomed man.

Yet the monstrous crime, considered not in its personal but its international aspects, calls for no change of policy on the part of our Government. It does not essentially alter the nature of the relations between Mexico and the United States, though it undoubtedly calls for even more careful study of what our course ought to be in the future. On Saturday night, almost at the very time when Madero was being done to death, President Taft reaffirmed his determination not to intervene in Mexico unless absolutely compelled to do so. The shocking events in Mexico City should not affect that decision. We have only one crime more to contemplate; simply added proof that brute passions have been let loose in Mexico, and that our dealings with that country must be marked by the extreme of caution and vigilance, yet with the unremitting purpose to do what is wise and just for the people of both lands, never forgetting that the Mexican nation as a whole must not be confounded with the military adventurers who may temporarily get their clutch upon its throat.

It is a wholesome sign that the American press is so largely sober and restrained on the subject of intervention. The run of newspaper comment is that no specifically new duty is laid upon our Government by the killing of Madero. It is true that our Ambassador had been instructed to urge that Madero's life should be spared; but this was only a suggestion in the interest of humanity, and of the standing of the new Mexican régime in the eyes of the world; and if Huerta and the others made up their minds to disregard this, that is their own affair. The penalty they are already incurring in the alarm and disgust of their own countrymen and in the reprobation of all civilized people.

Now, to assert, as some English newspapers, and one or two reckless American sheets, are doing, that we "commanded" the Provisional Government not to take Madero's life, and that it has "defied" this nation in a way to demand intervention with a strong hand, is the pitch of unreason. President Taft promptly disclaimed any such inference, grieved and depressed as he was by the news of the murder of Madero, and the country continues to respond to his judicious and peaceful lead in all this business. He spoke with some vehemence and with real moral elevation on Saturday night, when he alluded to the charge that his policy towards Mexico had been "cowardly." Such a taunt, he justly said, was one that a President, charged with the great issues of peace or war, should put beneath his feet. It takes far more courage to resist an insensate clamor for warlike measures than to bluster at the head of the crowd. The truly cowardly part is to yield when your heart and conscience tell you that it is wrong to do so. There has been much loose talk about its being necessary for the United States so to deal with Mexico as to maintain our "prestige." But prestige is as slippery a word as "honor." It was Lord Salisbury who once said that he wished the word "prestige" could be excluded from the diplomatic vocabulary, because it had so unpleasant a connection, etymologically, with deceit! One of its definitions is "a flattering illusion"; and that is surely what those are laboring under who think that our army could make a holiday march into Mexico and settle all her difficulties at one stroke of the sword.

Putting all such wild dreams aside, what is the prudent, the statesmanlike, the patriotic course for our Government to pursue towards Mexico? Surely there is no great mystery about it. If the Mexicans can, even along bloody paths, proceed to set up a reasonably stable Government of their own, we must aid them in every way open to us to do it —aid them by forbearance, but also by friendly counsels. Our Government and our Ambassador in Mexico City can, as it were, make themselves the mouthpiece of civilization. They can apply a quiet moral pressure to the rulers of Mexico. Those men must be made to understand that there is such a thing as the public opinion of the world, and that they are answerable to it; that Mexico cannot be permitted to lurch back into the barbarous governmental methods of seventy years ago, as if nothing had happened since. All this, of course, lends immense importance to the selection of the next Ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Wilson should seek the best man attainable—known for his love of peace, for his tact, for his ability to see the right thing to do and the just thing to say. Only by such a choice and by the most patient and sagacious course in determining the attitude of his Administration in this vexed and highly complicated matter, can the new President surmount what might easily be a crisis or even a calamity confronting him from the first hour of his taking office.

TWO TRADITIONS.

The birthday of Washington has been honored by general observance for more than a century; it is only within the last two decades that Lincoln's birthday has assumed anything like a coordinate place in the national thought. The nearness of the two anniversaries in time makes a comparison between the place held in the hearts of their countrymen by these two foremost Americans inevitable; and it is undeniable that, whether Washington has or has not held his own majestic eminence in the present generation, Lincoln's rank as an embodiment of popular ideals and as an object of national homage is today vastly higher than it was when a quarter-century, instead of a half-century, separated us from the time of his labors and his martyrdom. One circumstance, however, is common to the two. Neither in the case of the Father of his Country, nor in that of the man who steered it through the time of its supreme danger and guided it in the extirpation of the blot of slavery, is the haze of legend or the partiality of patriotism necessary to account for the tribute of reverence which we pay to their names. The greatness of Washington and the greatness of Lincoln are

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established, with equal security, in the facts of their lives and character as weighed by historians and publicists who are free from our national bias and judge them by the standards of world history.

But around the figure of a national hero there is sure to arise a cloud of legend and myth. Perhaps this is a necessary part of the process by which he becomes permanently set apart from the lesser personages of the country's history, and through which his name acquires the force of a symbol of patriotic aspiration and noble endeavor. However this may be, together with the good in it there is undeniable harm; and especially there is injury ultimately to the reality of the very fame which it is the first effect of this idealizing process to enhance. For along with the idealizing there is sure to come, sooner or later, a devitalizing of the hero. Few if any persons are now living who can remember the time when the name of Washington was going through the stages which, in the past decade or two, we have been witnessing in the case of Lincoln; but very many of us can remember the time when it came to be realized that Washington had become, in the minds of the multitude, little more than a "plaster saint." Shrewd-minded schoolboys were given to suspecting that there wasn't very much to Washington after all, and that we simply had to stand together as good Americans and call him a very great man because he was the head of the Continental army and the first President of the country, and was highly respectable in his personal qualities. After a generation or two of conventional idolization of Washington, there came a time during which the paradox was presented that those who had really studied the history of his time recognized his title to the highest eminence, while many who knew little or nothing about it suspected that the Washington tradition was almost wholly a myth.

The myth-building in the case of Lincoln takes, to be sure, quite a different form. The Lincoln myth that is now making concerns not so much his personality as his intellect and his purposes. He is represented as a prophet from whose inspiration we may derive the solution of all our present-day problems. "The democracy of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech applied in municipal affairs" is prescribed as the magic solvent of the problem of city government; and on an adjoining page of the same prominent periodical in which this occurs we find that "the industrial evolutionist" merely "agrees with Abraham Lincoln that, 'as the Author of man makes every individual with one head and one pair of hands, it was probably intended that heads and hands should coöperate as friends, and that each particular head should direct and control that pair of hands.'" That Lincoln in his Gettysburg speech was thinking solely of the preservation of the great republic which for three-quarters of a century had represented to the world the cause of democracy, that in speaking of the control of one man's hands by another man's head he was (as we assume in the absence of context) protesting against chattel slavery, makes no difference to these myth-makers. They are bent on finding in him a vision and a purpose of which no trace is to be found in his words or acts; a process which bids fair to transform the most genuine and most human of men into a shimmering vision of unearthly wisdom in whose reality nobody will believe.

"We are doing just what Lincoln would do if he were living" has become a familiar catchword in these latter days. But nobody says "we are doing just what Washington would do." For this many reasons may be assigned. Lincoln lived nearer to our own time. Lincoln was a man of the people, while Washington was a landed gentleman. Lincoln was of a genial and sympathetic nature, while Washington was cold and reserved. There is something in all this. But perhaps most important of all is the fact that Lincoln's connection with the emancipation of the slaves lends itself to an indefinite amount of emotional exploitation, and this is a time of emotional exploitation. If we look facts squarely in the face, however—if, instead of setting up a fictitious Lincoln or wrenching his words into fantastic meanings, we examine his acts and his words as in very truth they were—we shall find that the name of Lincoln lends no more countenance to emotional agitation in the name of a vague humanitarianism than does the name of Washington himself. Different as were the two men, in native disposition as well as in education and environment, they were alike in their sense of solemn responsibility as custodians of the cause of a nation of sober and law-abiding freemen. Not even Washington,

That mind serene, impenetrably just,

ever showed more firmness than did Lincoln in pursuing, amid all the tumult and clamor of the great war, that steady course dictated by his conception of his duty under the Constitution. Of our two foremost men, neither was a soaring genius, and neither was the prophet of a new morality or a new sociology; both did supreme service to their country and to the world by performing with consummate sagacity and with unstinted devotion the plain duties of leadership and government.

THE FAILURE OF THE LEVEES.

When the Mississippi, bursting its banks, extends in a flood seventy miles wide, deluging thousands of square miles, destroying crops, drowning cattle, and leaving behind it mud, pestilence, and starvation, people in other parts of the country express their sympathy by raising subscriptions and organizing relief expeditions. It requires, however, a calamity to keep the attention of the ordinary man centred for any length of time upon any such problem. A minor misfortune like the Beulah crevasse, in which no lives were lost, arouses scant interest. "Something wrong, probably, with the levee system," is the general feeling. And, in fact, the engineers of the Mississippi are still trying to explain how a disaster which caused much suffering last year in the Beulah district could be repeated.

There is, indeed, something wrong with the levee system. The New Orleans newspapers declare that another $8,000,000 appropriation by Congress, supplemented by aid from Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, will suffice to perfect the embankments. But the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* puts the Congressional appropriation needed at $60,000,000! The Federal Government has already expended $70,000,000 in its attempts to subdue "the Father of Waters," and the States, counting convict labor with other items of expense, may have contributed as much again; but the mighty stream has continued to break away as easily as Gulliver broke the ropes of the Lilliputians. As far back as 1717, M. Le Blond de la Tour built a mile of levee to protect the infant city

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of Nouvelle-Orléans. By 1828 embankments were virtually continuous as far north as the mouth of the Red River. Just at the outbreak of the Civil War, the policies of the State and Federal Governments with regard to riparian protection were crystallized, or fossilized, by the report of Capt. Andrew D. Humphreys, who, after ten years of investigation, endorsed the levee system as the only means of effectually protecting some 29,000 square miles of land below the river's high-water mark. Unfortunately, a crawfish boring into an earthwork may render futile the efforts of the best engineers of the Humphreys school. As the flood water rises higher and higher against the levee, its pressure increases, and the track of an earthworm will complete the damage the crawfish has begun. The water trickles through to the lowlands, ever enlarging its vent, until suddenly the road atop the levee crumbles into a swirling yellow stream, the embankment melts away, and a torrent pours through the opening.

On January 26 the crevasse in Beulah levee was 125 feet wide, and pouring out a sheet of water six feet deep. On February 3 gradual erosion had reached the loam section of the embankment and 200 feet of earthwork suddenly washed out, making the total width of the crevasse more than 600 feet. Truly, there is something wrong with the levee system. But there must be some means of protection. If the people of the States chiefly concerned, and the people of the United States, have been willing to put $140,000,000 into earthworks, it has been only because the damage by flood has been ten times as great. And if real protection can be had, the expense need frighten no one.

Perhaps some men have "known the river" better than Mark Twain, but surely none has so fully possessed the gift of imparting this knowledge to others. He outlined in a book the various schemes for relief discussed on his journey down the river, after the great flood of 1882, without, however, arriving at any conclusion as to their merits. Those opposed to further levee-building, he said, pointed out that the higher you built the levee, the higher the river bottom would rise. This has been proved. Some believed that the surplus water could be diverted into Lake Borgne, etc. Engineers have unanimously opposed all plans for diversion of current. Some believed in averting floods by the use of reservoirs in the upper river from which the flood waters could be released in low-water seasons. This is the remedy which has been found specific in Egypt, and which is appealing to thoughtful people here.

The *Florida Times-Union* remarks that to build the walls to restrain the flood is to raise the channel, then to raise the walls, until we have a river flowing through a pipe to the sea. It concedes that the inundated districts should be made safe, but reasons that, "if we would reclaim the lower lands and make the river our servant as it is now our master, we must prepare reservoirs in which the surplus waters may be kept until they are needed." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* refers to the Assuan dam, by which "the tears of Isis have been not only arrested, but made to water potatoes, onions, and cotton."

The problem, whatever solution may be evolved, will require vast expenditures; but it must be remembered that the reward is certain. The Mississippi Valley is second in extent only to that of the Amazon. It contains 1,250,000 square miles, and, as a writer in *Harper's* said, "as a dwelling place for man it is by far the first upon our globe." For the great tributaries of the Mississippi the surest preventive of flood is forestation, but this would be the work of many years. Meantime, the opinion of the experts who have curbed the Nile should be had before any more money is expended in levees. The right of the inhabitants of the alluvial lands below Cape Girardeau to be safeguarded against floods will not be questioned when adequate means of protection have been agreed upon.

SLANDER MADE EASY.

By the London telegrams we have learned in general of the complete breakdown of the charges of corruption made against members of the Cabinet, in connection with the Marconi contract. But it takes a detailed reading of the evidence brought out at the official inquiry, and of the cross-examination of the man, Mr. W. R. Lawson, who was chiefly responsible for spreading the slanders through the press, to give one an adequate idea of the monstrous nature of this attack on the integrity of Ministers of the Crown. The reputation for personal honesty on the part of members of the Government in England has long stood so high and has so rarely been impeached, that these scandalous insinuations caused a great sensation. Happily, they have been shown to be utterly without foundation. England has not suddenly lurched back to the days of Marlborough, and got a lot of jobbers in office. But the circumstances in which the damaging accusations were made, and the subsequent entire blowing away of the whole mass of rumor and surmise, are such as to justify more than a passing reference to the matter. If the result was to clear the Ministers, it was also to incriminate a certain type of journalism.

The charges grew out of the contract made by the Government with the Marconi Company, and the wild gamble in Marconi shares on the Stock Exchange. In a series of articles in the *Outlook* and the *National Review*, the assertion was explicitly made that Ministers had taken advantage of their official knowledge to speculate in these shares. The thing had been gossiped about in brokers' offices and clubs, but first got into print in the *Outlook*. It declared that "a sinister use had been made of the names of Cabinet Ministers in the City and elsewhere in association with Marconi shares." At another time Mr. Lawson spoke definitely of "four names," one of them being "a Kaffir magnate," and the others Cabinet Ministers. One of the latter was so plainly indicated that everybody knew the Attorney-General to be meant. At the inquiry, Mr. Lawson testified that the other two were the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Postmaster-General. On cross-examination, he admitted that he really knew nothing about any Kaffir magnate. Now, note the questions and answers in the case of the members of the Cabinet:

> The Chairman—Had you the slightest grounds for implicating those names in connection with the rumors?—Simply the rumors themselves.
>
> Mr. W. Redmond—Had you a single shred of evidence that the rumors were true?—I had nothing beyond the rumors. I had no positive evidence.
>
> Do you think that a charge so dreadfully serious as this against three Ministers of the Crown should have been made without evidence of any kind?—No.

There was a great deal more equally fatal for Mr. Lawson, who finally, in a kind of desperation over the plight

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in which he found himself, cried out: "If Ministers of the Crown will allow lying rumors to go about for months, how can you expect any one to take more interest in their reputation than they do themselves?" This is the frankest admission of a code of newspaper ethics, practiced in some quarters, which we remember ever to have come across. The theory appears to be that you may catch up a lot of malicious inventions about public men, first circulated in pot-houses and back-alleys, then help them along with additions of your own, and at last put the whole mass in print, excusing yourself on the plea that if the stories were not true the slandered persons ought to have branded them as false long before. According to this, you are at liberty to start up out of the gutter and throw mud at a man, and then if he does not instantly brush his coat in public, to declare that he made the mud-throwing seem fully justified!

It is not worth while to follow Mr. Lawson as he was driven from hole to hole by a merciless cross-examiner. His alleged facts were shown to be the merest moonshine, his boasted documentary evidence was burned to nothing by the acid of a few questions, and he was forced again and again to say, abjectly, "That was a mistake," "I should not have said it," "I withdraw that." But his impudence did not wholly desert him. "I maintain," he said at one point, "that, so far from doing the Ministers harm, I gave them an opportunity of clearing themselves." That is, to charge a Government official with villanous conduct is really a favor to him, since it enables him to affirm that he is an honest man! Was there ever such an attempt to make a victim appear a beneficiary?

It is needless to say that all journalists who are above picking pockets would repudiate with scorn the justification of his course which Mr. Lawson advanced, as if with the question, "What is a poor newspaper man to do if he does not give credence to and put into type every lying rumor that comes his way?" This is to make slander easy. It is to erect back-wounding calumny into an honorable calling. The libel laws offer a partial remedy. There appears to be no doubt that Mr. Lawson and his associate will have to answer in court for what they have said in their papers. It is to be hoped, after the pitiful exhibition they have made, that they will be cast in swingeing damages. But the moral of the whole will be lost unless the decent members of the press everywhere are prompted, by this exposure of reckless mendacity, to take anew an oath against all such hasty defiling of their columns—and poisoning the public mind—with back-stairs gossip and wicked efforts, by insinuation, to rob men of their good name.

CRITICS WITH A CONSCIENCE.

In an article in the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Edward Garnett adds his voice to the chorus of dissatisfaction, heard these days, with the state of literary criticism. Mr. Poel's recent production of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" brought the critics face to face with a little-known play, and, according to Mr. Garnett, showed the best of them to be oddly deficient. Their comments "are typical of the process by which drama of great, rare, or particular interest is regularly strangled in London." If a piece is unusual, he says, the critics at once conclude that it is all wrong. Yet this is hardly in accord with the facts. There was widespread approval for "The Miracle," which came as close to being a circus as anything put on the London stage these many years. We should incline to reverse Mr. Garnett's statement and say that critics have too much reflected the popular absorption in the spectacular and, in general, in the strange and remote Oriental plays that have had so great a run. Further, so much has recently been heard of talent unrecognized that critics have been put on their guard. According to present-day ethics, it is a more venial sin to praise what may turn out to be poor work than to belittle a coming light.

But the greatest fault in contemporary criticism, not only of drama but of literature in general, the writer has failed to touch, even indirectly. Apparently, two kinds of literary criticism are going along side by side, each yielding somewhat to the other, though at heart incompatible. There are the modernists, who, having figured it out that it is about time for another important era of literary activity, think to hasten its coming by acclaiming as significant anything that deals with up-to-date problems or catches the surface glow of the age. With clean-cut literary standards they do not bother, for the supposed reason that each generation must create its own rules and requirements. Loosely they make comparison with great writers of the past, but merely to give weight to their own judgments. One work has the variety of a Thackeray, another has Tolstoy's epic sweep, etc. On the other hand, there are critics with a truer understanding of what constitutes greatness who endeavor to judge for the most part in the traditional way. Yet their policy also lacks sharpness, because, along with the modernists, though to a less degree, they make vague concessions to the changed conditions of the present day. Their conservatism is in no respect aggressive. By a compromise with methods in which they do not actually believe, their work becomes more or less futile, and they lay themselves open to the charge of being timid old fogies. Until literary criticism wins back definite standards and dares to apply them it cannot hope to vindicate itself from just the sort of attacks that are now made.

It is possible that the standards which were in use nearly a century ago would still serve. A play, after all, is a play, and a novel is always a novel, and each, to be successful, requires much the same art now as formerly. As for poetry, if we exclude the sonnet, which, to be sure, grew out of the ancient ode, there is scarcely a poetic type that the Greeks did not practice. Nor are the newest themes so new as we often suppose. Mr. Moody's "Great Divide" professedly only read into present conditions the situation of the rape of the Sabine women, and M. Bernstein's "Samson" has an ancient earmark. "Ghosts" and "King Lear" bear a resemblance to "Œdipus." Changes in superficial conditions will never destroy the oneness of great art. It would be wholesome for the popular appreciation of literature if contemporary works were carefully compared with recognized classics. When a publisher or dabbler in criticism glibly likens a best-seller to Dickens, the scrupulous critic might do worse than to take him at his word and pursue the comparison to the end. Some may say that, in these days of newspaper headlines and ingenious advertising, this is just the way to give a worthless production a factitious value. But since it has been proved that even curt condemnation can

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thus be turned into eulogy, we should not be worse off for the experiment.

There are, besides, unmistakable indications that solid, conscientious criticism is much desired. The demand has grown out of a ridiculous situation. Certain established writers have shown impatience with the lavish praise bestowed upon what should properly be classed as apprentice work. A mere youth, by juggling cant, economic or sociological terms of the day, and by running much to the theatrical, produces a play which all but a few critics pronounce a sensation. Of genuine knowledge of the deeper side of human nature there is no trace. It is not strange that men of experience whose plays contain the fruits of mature reflection should rebel at virtually finding themselves put in the same class with whippersnappers. To them all who take this situation to heart might well look for relief. It is a delicate matter, for writers will hesitate to exalt themselves by lowering a brother in the craft. But when the main body of literary criticism is in danger of defeating its own end, delicacy may properly give way to conscience. What should be demanded is not more "sympathetic" criticism, but more rigid comparison of present-day works with those which have gained the suffrage of time. The public would soon see the point.

A NEW AUSTRALIAN ANTHOLOGY.

SYDNEY, Australia, January 15.

A fourth Australian anthology in twenty years witnesses to a "boom" in Australian verse, doubtless running parallel on a higher plane to the industrial and political boom that has made Australia the paradise of the artisan. The bane of all these collections is the, perhaps unavoidable, lowness of their standard, which admits mere rhyme where rhythm and a lilt and the note of song are demanded. Even the best of them, that otherwise admirably edited by Mr. Bertram Stevens, and reviewed in these columns six years ago, yields too often to the desire to propitiate persons in authority, whose prose is better than their verse. For a different reason—apparently from the absence of any standard at all—the present selection falls short of high excellence.*

The first generation of Australian poets was a disastrous race. Adam Lindsay Gordon, the strongest of them all, after leading a somewhat erratic existence, died by his own hand; Kendall, the purest and most spontaneous, died of utter exhaustion after spending a year in a madhouse; and Lionel Michael, to make sure of no longer escaping his doom, perished by drowning and the bullet simultaneously. Their successors have not been free from misfortune: Francis Lauderdale Adams, an aspiring soul of large capacity, left Australia for England, as so many ill-encouraged Australian writers have done, only to find a suicide's grave on the coast of Kent; B. H. Boake, another suicide, fell a victim to melancholia so recently as 1892; and Victor Daley died of the poet's disease, consumption, though not at an early age. That the life-stories of contemporary Australian poets are brightening is doubtless due to a more settled and prosperous society, more assured means of subsistence, and greater encouragement on the part of the conductors of public prints and periodicals.

One of the best, the Victor Daley just mentioned, like many of Apollo's sons in Australia, was of Irish birth and paternity; he was born in Navan, County Armagh, in the very centre of old romance. Therefore, some would say, he was a bohemian. But he was also, on the mother's side, of Scottish extraction, and therefore, others would say, he was a respectable bohemian. The Irishman in him, say his friends, was frank, warm-hearted, and careless; the Scot in him was cold, calculating, and cynical. Cold-blooded, he lacked the poet's passion; warm-brained, he produced verses that rank high for their music, their rich coloring, and their charm. Like many Australian poets—like Gordon and Kendall themselves—Daley was at first strongly imitative. Moore, Rogers, and Swinburne, T. B. Aldrich, and Joaquin Miller, successively set the tune of his verse. Line after line has been traced back by Mr. A. G. Stephens to these masters. Yet in his earlier volume, "At Dawn and Dusk," he was obviously gaining mastery over his material and fusing it in an internal fire. In the later collection, "Wine and Roses," his originality is patent. The editors of the new anthology reprint only from the earlier volume, as Mr. Stevens had necessarily done, when it was in their power to reprint from the later, but "A Sunset Fantasy" shows Daley at his best:

Spellbound by a sweet fantasy
At evenglow I stand
Beside an opaline strange sea
That rings a sunset land.

The rich lights fade out one by one,
And, like a peony
Drowning in wine, the crimson sun
Sinks down in that strange sea.

The rhythm is everywhere perfect. The verses are those of a true poet; indeed, as the admiring editors of this anthology assert, of one of the greatest Australian poets. They composed themselves, as poems should. Once the idea occurred to him, it could be developed under any circumstances or in any surroundings. Is not that inspiration?

But the feature that will attract most readers in other countries is the poetic representation of the primitive, the changing, and the enduring aspects of Australian life and its environment. We had not thought of the ex-High Commissioner of New Zealand in London, now director of the School of Economics in London University, W. P. Reeves, as a writer of stately and sonorous verse (his squibs were known), but his chant-like poem, "The Passing of the Forest," reminds one of Coleridge. Does a chief author of the Socialist legislation in New Zealand ever apply his own lines to the Factory Act and the system of industrial arbitration that he founded? Does he ever call upon himself to scan—

The ruined beauty wasted in a night,
The blackened wonder God alone could plan,
And builds not twice! A bitter price to pay
Is this for Progress—beauty swept away.

It was not beauty that was then destroyed, but freedom and a natural self-adjusting mechanism, evolved from within, not imposed from without.

A picture of a cattle stampede by Will Ogilvie is worthy of Gordon. Like the chief Australian poet's "Sick Stockrider," it is drawn from life by the hero of an incident that is of frequent occurrence in the bush, but has never been more vividly painted. Mr. Ogilvie, who (like Gordon) "fought grim battle in the West, to live a lost love down," was born and reared in Scotland, but came out to Australia, where, as we see, he took an active part in distinctive Australian pursuits. Ever restless, he migrated to the United States, but though he again returned to Scotland, his heart is evidently still in Australia, which lays a strange spell—the spell of the bush—on all who have really lived its life.

The same theme is more calmly treated by Col. Kenneth Mackenzie in a poem, "The Australian Bush," that covers almost the whole of the pastoralist's existence. After long years of political and military activity (he commanded the first Bushman's Contingent that served in South Africa), he still recalls—

Sweet scent of myall, belts of deep green yarran,
The crimson splendor of thy solemn dawns,
The stillness of thy deserts vast and barren,
Where Death and Life play chess with men for pawns.

He, too, recalls the stampede and the "thousand hoofs' deep thunder," "the fierce moments," the "wild gallops," "the glad hours of kingly strife," and all the

**An Austral Garden: an Anthology of Australian Verse.* Selected and edited by M. P. Hansen and D. McLachlan. Melbourne: Geo. Robertson & Co.

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other incidents of "the lost station of my dreams"—the "station" being the equivalent of "ranch."

If these poems appear grave and are long-lined, the flexibility of the Australian mind is seen in Ethel Turner's "Gum Leaves," which is a harmony (*à la* Whistler) in red, white, blue, and gray. It is no less seen in the quick movement of Bernard O'Dowd's "Resurgent"—a glad song to Spring, with the romantic touch at the close which the earlier poets hardly knew and the younger seldom forget.

An Australian anthology without a companion picture of the often disastrous summer would be incomplete, and two such adorn this representative volume. Charles Kingsley, in his days of strength, bravely sang of the north wind, of which he was to die; here is a poet, E. S. Emerson, as true an optimist as his American namesake, and he exultingly chants "A Rain Song." Every drop of rain that falls in droughty Australia is telegraphed everywhere; the message that "it's raining" is "an anthem of elation," and each rainy day is a "canto sweet of God's great song."

J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

One regrets to find a familiar but scarcely correct statement repeated by Prof. George B. Churchill in his introduction to "Richard the Third" (The Tudor Shakespeare). He says: "In America . . . the presentation of this play by a native company on March 5, 1750, at the theatre in Nassau Street, New York, practically begins the history of our stage." The ultimate, if not the direct, authority for this assertion seems to be Seilhamer's "History of the American Theatre," which opens with an account of Murray and Kean's company of Philadelphia comedians, and lays stress on their performance of "Richard the Third" in New York, mentioned by Professor Churchill.

Seilhamer's history, excellent as it is, contains other errors. The author writes one chapter on The American Theatrical Towns, 1750-58, naming only Williamsburg, Annapolis, New York, and Philadelphia (I, 81); he alludes to the Southwark Theatre, Philadelphia, which dates from 1766, as "the first permanent playhouse in America" (I, 151); he terms the Charleston Theatre, built in 1773, "the first theatre in South Carolina" (I, 329). That each one of these statements is erroneous, can, I think, be shown. Present interest in stage history may justify a brief discussion.

Seilhamer's work ignores the existence of a permanent theatre in Charleston fifteen years before the opening of the Nassau Street Theatre in New York, thirty-odd years before the erection of the Southwark in Philadelphia, and almost forty years previous to the building of what Seilhamer thought to be the first one in South Carolina. Contemporary newspaper notices of the earlier institution are reprinted in McCrady's "South Carolina Under the Royal Government," but they appear to have escaped the observation of Seilhamer and other Philadelphians and New Yorkers writing about the American stage. The first notice appears in the *South Carolina Gazette* for February 21, 1735: "At the New Theatre, Queen Street, will be acted on Monday next a tragedy called 'The Orphan, or The Unhappy Marriage' (McCrady, p. 526). One week later is found this advertisement: "By the Desire of the Troop and Foot Companies, At the New Theatre in Queen St., will be acted on Tuesday next a Comedy called the 'Recruiting Officer,' with several entertainments, as will be expressed in the foot bills" (*ibid.*, p. 527). For March 12 we find advertised "The London Merchant, or The History of George Barnwell." These three plays McCrady does not attempt to identify, but "The Orphan" is easily recognized as Otway's tragedy; "The Recruiting Officer" is the equally well-known comedy of George Farquhar, while "George Barnwell" was written by Lillo and presented in London just four years previous to its Charleston performance. All these plays became exceedingly popular in America later on. Another advertisement, dated January, 1737, gives particulars as to the price of seats. The play to be performed is "The Tragedy called 'Cato,' written by the late Mr. Addison, with a Prologue by Mr. Pope. Tickets to be had at Mr. Charles Sheppeard's; Stage and Balcony Boxes 30s., Pitt 25s., Gallery 5s. To begin exactly at six o'clock" (McCrady, p. 527). On November 22, 1737, a concert is advertised to take place "at the Queen Street Theatre," the tickets on sale at Mr. Charles Sheppeard's.

The scale of admission prices just given is remarkable when one compares the charges then prevailing elsewhere in America. Seilhamer quotes various advertisements, in which the seats run from 5 to 10 shillings in boxes, 4 to 7½ shillings in the pit, and 2 to 3 shillings in the gallery. Making all due allowance for local differences in money values at that day, one must discern a sharp contrast between these figures and the Charleston rate of 30 shillings for boxes and 25 shillings for the pit. Seilhamer also gives an advertisement from a later Charleston paper in the season of 1774, announcing the sale of box seats at 35 shillings, pit at 25 shillings, and gallery at 20 shillings. Evidently in Charleston the theatre did not appeal for patronage to the common people. But the rates charged for admission, the standard of plays given, and the fact that the theatre was so called even when a concert was given there, all go to prove that the structure was permanent and was worthy of its name.

With reference to the later history of this theatre, some information may be gleaned from items in an unpublished diary known to McCrady, but not quoted by him. This journal was kept by a Charleston lady, Mrs. A. M., the wife of a wealthy merchant, and large excerpts in manuscript are preserved by the South Carolina Historical Society. From this document we learn that the good lady "went to the play of George Barnwell" in Charleston on November 25, 1754, and to unnamed plays on December 27, 1754, and on January 27, 1755. In 1764 she saw these plays: February 3, "George Barnwell"; February 13, "The Conscious Lovers"; February 24, "Jane Shore"; February 27, "Love for Love"; March 19, "The Jealous Wife"; March 29, "Theodosius"; April 9, "The Mourning Bride"; April 12, "Romeo and Juliet"; May 10, "King Lear." Again in 1766 Mrs. M. mentions seeing these dramas: January 17, "The Distressed Mother"; February 10, "Love in a Village," the first American production of which play Seilhamer claims for Philadelphia on March 19, 1767; March 13, "The Provoked Husband"; April 13, "School for Love."

Exactly who acted in these earliest plays remains a question. That it was the so-called American Company that played in Charleston in 1764, and presumably in 1766, is shown by a newspaper notice just sent to me by Miss Webber, secretary of the South Carolina Historical Society. This is copied from the *South Carolina Gazette* for November 5, 1763, and runs: "A company of comedians arrived here last Monday from Virginia, who are called the American Company, and were formerly under the direction of Mr. Lewis Hallam, till his death. Amongst the principal performers, we hear, are Mr. David Douglas (the present manager, married to Mrs. Hallam), Mr. Lewis Hallam, jr., Mr. Quelsi, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Harman, etc. They come warmly recommended from the Northern colonies, where they have performed several years with great applause, and in their private capacities acquired the best of characters. A theatre is already contracted for, 75 feet by 35, to be erected near where that of Messrs. Holliday and Company formerly stood, and intended to be opened the 5th of December next." Evidently this was the first visit to Charleston of the company playing in 1773-4, and their theatre was a temporary structure. The whole subject forms a neglected, but, in my opinion, an important, chapter in the annals of the American stage.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

Correspondence

THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER CLEVELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I point out one error in the otherwise admirable article on "Simplicity at Washington" in your issue of January 30? I refer to the evident implication that the official receptions given during President Cleveland's Administrations were well managed and constituted a model to be followed by President-elect Wilson. As a Cleveland Democrat, I yield to no man in my admiration for that great President's sound judgment in matters of state, his consistent devotion to high ideals, and his sterling patriotism; but I must admit that the evening receptions were not well managed, though this was presumably due to bad judgment on the part of subordinates rather than to any act or neglect on the part of the President himself.

The chief troubles were that no one was ever required to show his card of invitation (so that many persons came who had not been invited at all), and that, to adopt the words of your article, "servants in livery" (or without livery, but livery would have been better, to prevent confusion) "were lacking, and guards were few." The

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natural result was not merely that the number of visitors exceeded the accommodations, but that there was no adequate means of preventing the visitors from being crowded together for a considerable time so closely that the pressure was not only uncomfortable, but dangerous, and, in a sense, indecent. I attended most of these receptions during the years 1894-97, and the trouble was always the same. From the moment one reached the White House steps until one came to the ante-room adjoining the reception-room proper, one was always in a closely packed mass of human beings, moving gradually forward if movement was possible, but often immovable for lack of space. At the coatroom one had a minute's relief, and when one reached the ante-room one could cool down a little and arrange one's disordered dress; but for a long period of time (the movement being naturally very slow) every one was subjected to the discomfort of this crowding. Certainly, the "distinguished German" to whom you refer never attended an evening reception, as otherwise he would have said, "If this be 'great and true democracy,' give *me* 'the glitter of the Viennese court,' where at least I am treated like a human being."

I do not know whether the system has been improved in these respects since 1897; but if it has, Gov. Wilson's fellow-citizens have a right to demand that there shall be no return to the old method of receiving them, even if more servants and guards be required.

And may I touch on another matter? Gov. Wilson's quiet disapproval of the silly inauguration ball is refreshing. Is it too much to hope that his common sense will also protest against the even sillier custom of expecting the President to shake the hand of every one of the thousands who attend his official receptions? When the country was small and the guests proportionately few, the matter was not very serious, though I believe Washington never adopted the custom. Now that the country is so large, and the President is called upon to receive such throngs of people, this handshaking is a very serious tax on his strength—a tax as bad for his health as the 100 per cent. wool duty is bad for all our healths. Washington probably thought that the hand which wielded the sword should not be treated like a common pump-handle. Should not the hand which so ably guides the pen be equally respected?

CHARLES C. BINNEY.

Philadelphia, February 18.

WOMAN'S MIND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is one little casual remark in Mr. Fite's article on "The Feminist Mind" (in your issue of February 6) which many readers, indignant at the contemptuous tone of the article as a whole, will probably overlook. After giving as his "formulation" for the feminine mind that "it corresponds most closely to the masculine mind *just before* the presumptive stage of maturity"—that while "the masculine mind goes on to maturity, the feminine mind seems hardly to get beyond the stage of adolescence"—Mr. Fite remembers a few rather glaring exceptions to his rule, and says: "I am not raising the odious question, whether women are 'so' by nature, but whether they are so *de facto*. *De facto* I should say that the formulation fits the feminine average or type." Now to set aside this little "odious question" is actually to set aside the main factor in the case. If women are mostly in the adolescent stage, there are two things that may be done about it. One is to keep them in their place, to snub them when they are "fresh," to drive them off when they try to meddle with the affairs of "grown-ups." The other is to help them to grow up. Which course one advocates depends, one would suppose, upon whether or not one thinks that women are by nature capable of growing up. But though all the rest of Mr. Fite's article appears grounded in the assumption that women are immature and unintelligent *by nature*, in the passage quoted above he expressly disclaims making any such assumption.

Now I freely admit that for most practical purposes the average woman of to-day is less intelligent than the average man. She is more apt to be influenced in her judgments by personal considerations, more apt to rely upon intuition, more apt to condone a breach of trust. But not one of these differences holds between men and women who have had approximately the same training and approximately the same stimulus. I have read and heard (alas, who has not?) an enormous number of sweeping statements about women, but I have never come across the statement that business or professional women were less alive to standards of scrupulous honesty than business or professional men. I thought for a moment that Mr. Fite was about to make such a statement. "Those," he says, "who deal with women in business are not impressed by their self-sacrifice, but rather by their failure to comprehend the elementary principles of justice." But the example given shortly afterwards (of the feminine customer who hardly pauses to reflect that the privilege of unlimited exchange of goods has an effect upon the prices charged) shows that what he has in mind is not at all the business woman, but the average woman—who is, of course, utterly unaccustomed to the business point of view and unacquainted with the simplest economic principles.

The kind of decisions and judgments that the ordinary woman is usually called upon to make do not, in point of fact, demand abstract reasoning. Personal considerations are as a rule the only ones that she need take into account. The "naïve freedom from the restraining considerations that would be presented by a broader view of the case," which Mr. Fite regards as characteristic of women's minds, is the result, not of a mental organization different from that of men, but merely of the fact that "a broader view of the case" is not demanded of them, and their interest in "broader views" is consequently only an academic one. This is why intuition has so large a share in the mental processes of women. The nature of the common fallacy about feminine intuition is indicated in a single sentence which I quote from a very lucid examination of the general subject. "It is not true that men's minds and women's minds have different ways of working; but it is true that upon certain occasions . . . we all act from intuition, and that the circumstances of women's lives have hitherto been such as to make their interests lie somewhat more exclusively in those regions in which conduct is intuitive than in those in which it is long thought out" ("Intuition and Reason," by C. L. Franklin, *Monist*, Jan., 1893). And just as the ordinary business woman is no less honest than the average business man, so the average woman who has had training and practice in abstract thinking is no less logical than the average man with the same training and practice. Women do not work out mathematical problems by intuition—nor do men read the expressions of people's faces by any conscious logical process.

There is, of course, no need of admitting that, even as we are, we are anything like as stupid as Mr. Fite makes us out. But in so far as the things he says of us are true, one of the strongest arguments for woman suffrage is that it will go far towards making them untrue.

MARGARET LADD FRANKLIN.

New York, February 15.

REVIEWING BAD BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express the great pleasure and profit with which I read each successive issue of the *Nation*. This journal has set so high a standard in its comprehensiveness, its scholarship, its critical taste, and its literary excellence, that any cavil is absolutely precluded.

But I have had some earnest reflections upon present literary tastes and tendencies, in consequence of which I desire to make a protest and a plea.

The plot of prose fiction has in the main always centred on the theme of human love. This has at once appeared as the dominant interest of the writer, and been accounted the indispensable thread to hold the attention of the reader. Now tradition, as the veriest hind knows, is to-day undergoing severe scrutiny. But it does not follow that certain traditional sanctions of morality have themselves been overthrown, although this very fact seems to be assumed in the treatment of love in much of our current fiction. The subject is no longer approached with respect, but with—anything you please. In the older classic forms there was transgression also in the sex relation, but it was usually depicted in the true setting of its perversion and its enormity of consequence. In current fiction no one is made to feel it a sin; on the contrary, in its overthrow of restraint and convention, in its bold assertion of the primacy of desire, it seeks to become itself a law, to be judged by none higher. The woman blinks and wipes her lips and says, "I have done no wrong."

The relation of the sexes as exploited by our clever literary craftsmen flies into the teeth of that very scientific movement in whose name, tacitly at least, they profess to speak. There has been an "evolution" in the institution of marriage and of the home as we have it. Men have tried other ways, long before it entered the mind of the literary adventurer to try these new ways in modern fiction; but the experience of many millenniums in the rough school of life taught them that it would not work. In the age-long conflict between right and desire men have been cudgelled

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into decency. This experience will have to be gone over again if certain types in present-day fiction get out and seriously try to set the fashion in actual life. In your last issue you report Ernest Belford Bax as saying, in a recent book, that what a man and a woman do between themselves is nobody's business, so they themselves are willing. It does seem that, not reason or knowledge, but desire only, could father such a thought or philosophy. Let this be said merely: facts as they have been lived out in life do not substantiate such an assumption. Mr. Bax and men like him ought to know this, or quit writing.

There ought to be some effective way of taking the conceit out of men of this type, for they appear to labor under the delusion that they are giving the world something new and enlightened and progressive. Or, possibly, their philosophy is merely a bid for advertisement. But why advertise it? Why give an analytical review of such books? Why not merely say for the week, So many volumes received—or pounds, which, upon even hasty inspection, showed that they were not up to standard, fit for use? Or if mention must be made, why not say, as your reviewer said of a certain book in your last issue, "This book has its value for the author; it has given him practice in writing"? Or why not say, more specifically of such literature something like this: "Such a book as this does harm to the public, but it does more harm to the author. The public may overcome its bad effects, but the injury to the writer is probably irreparable. His book is a mental abortion, which will probably preclude his mind from ever functioning normally again"? AUGUST F. FEHLANDT.

Michigan, N. D., February 15.

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest Professor Hart and others to know that the expression *Aren't I* has, within the last year, become not uncommon among *children* of this part of the country. The writer first made its acquaintance from the mouths of his own children, and approves of the expression as filling a "long-felt want." L. M. P.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, February 10.

A PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two publishers' advertisements displayed in the same type follow the author's name on the title-page of the new printing of Woodrow Wilson's "George Washington." Immediately after the imposing list of Mr. Wilson's degrees is added "President of the United States," and just below, "Copiously Illustrated." As the 4th of March has not yet arrived and as the copyright of the work dates back to 1896, the accuracy of the title "George Washington, by Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D., President of the United States," might be disputed—quite apart from the question of good taste. The name of the highest office in America is here used as a commercial instrument for marketing a new edition. In the name of the first American President, who so nobly and carefully guarded the dignity of that office, a protest should be recorded.

WILLIAM F. PEIRCE.

Kenyon College, February 14.

A GUIDE TO FRENCH FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for January 2 Mr. Frank R. Arnold draws attention to the *Romans-Revue*, which offers a survey, from the ecclesiastical standpoint, of current French fiction. The moving spirit of the *Romans-Revue* is evidently the talented young abbé, Louis Bethléem. It is perhaps not generally known in this country that the same person is the author of a guide to French fiction of the past: "Romans à Lire et Romans à Proscrire," Librairie Oscar Masson, Cambrai, 1911. This work has enjoyed such a rapid sale that it is already in the fifth edition. While treating mainly of French fiction, it includes mention of numerous foreign novelists, such as Manzoni, Fogazzaro, Annunzio, Tolstoi, Hoffmann, Sienkiewicz, Sterne, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, Doyle.

To the philosophically inclined critic of literature or religion, "Romans à Lire" is one of the most valuable hand-books that have appeared in a generation. The reader is admitted immediately to the inner councils of the Church, and has as guide and companion a brilliant and highly trained intellect. Probably no one of the thousands of novels mentioned has the fascination of this volume. As the reader turns over these pages, which are mainly of censure and protest, he has constantly before his mind the parallel struggle of the Church against modernism and higher criticism. One leaves the book with a realization of the tremendous gap that separates the Church from the now-dominant form of literature. The amount of fiction which may be read by all of the faithful is small, as will be seen from the fact that even "Paul et Virginie," in spite of the praise given it, "ne doit pas être mis, sans corrections, à la portée de la jeunesse." Similar reservations are made concerning George Sand's "Mare au Diable," Chateaubriand's "Dernier Abencérage," and many other supposedly innocent stories.

The condemnation of some of these works is, however, not due to the Abbé Bethléem; he naturally feels obliged to condemn all novels which have been placed on the Index (pp. 22-44). No more convenient list of novels thus condemned has been published. One is not surprised to read here, after such names as Sand, Dumas, *père*, and Balzac, the words: *omnes fabulæ amatoriæ*, and, after Zola, the words: *opera omnia*. It is in the part of the volume commencing on page 45 that the author really shows his own personality. His *parti pris* is to be seen, on the one hand, in the censure which he awards to all of the great names in French fiction, and, on the other, in the laudation or complacency with which he speaks of such limited talents as those of Coppée, Huysmans, Bazin, Lemaître, not to mention scores of nonentities. An interesting experiment would consist in making a list of the fifty greatest French novels, according to the supposedly best critics, and then to compare this list with the Abbé's catalogue of fiction. It may be doubted whether more than two or three of the fifty novels would be found "innocuous."

It is of course impossible to enter into any detailed description of the last three hundred and fifty pages of "Romans à Lire et Romans à Proscrire." Attention may be called, however, to a passing fling (p. 88) at Professors Lanson and Croiset. Evidently the critical methods dominant in France—and elsewhere, for that matter—are not to the liking of our good Abbé.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, February 18.

Literature

PRECURSORS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

An Introduction to the History of Life Assurance. By A. Fingland Jack. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The history of life insurance has not yet been written. It is to be hoped that when it appears it will be as scholarly and as interesting as Mr. Jack's book on some of the precursors of the institution. Life insurance, as we now know it, dates virtually from the establishment of the Equitable in Great Britain in 1762. Before that the institution had obtained no stronghold. That it was not regarded with general approval is perhaps attested by De Foe's observation: "Insuring of life I cannot admire. I shall say nothing of it, but that in Italy, where stabbing and poisoning is so much in vogue, something may be said for it, and on contingent annuities, and yet I never knew the thing much approved on any account." Possibly this lack of interest was due to the fact that the need which life insurance meets had been met in the past in some other way.

As a matter of fact, death dues are of long standing. Prominent among the divergent purposes of the Roman Collegia was that of providing fitting burial for the members. Under the Empire this was the all-important consideration with the Collegia Tenuiorum, associations of people of the lower classes, including even slaves. Apparently, an unfettered right of association prevailed in the days of the Republic, but under the Emperors restrictive measures are discerned. Both Cæsar and Augustus suppressed those colleges which they regarded as dangerous, and it was decreed that new associations should be formed only by special permission. This was part of a clear-sighted policy. The Emperors distrusted the upper and middle classes, and for this reason deprived them of the right to combine. Their reliance was upon the army and the lower class, and they therefore tolerated the Collegia Tenuiorum; indeed, they went out of their way to encourage such associations.

There exists an inscription of the year 136 A. D. which furnishes some interesting information regarding one of

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the Collegia—the Collegium Cultorum Dianæ et Antinoi, at Lanuvium—and which doubtless may be taken as typical. New members had to pay an entrance fee of 100 sestertii (about 14s. 7d.), and provide an amphora of "good wine," and thereafter contribute to the funds 5 asses (about 2 3-16d.) monthly. The capital thus created constituted the provision for the burial of members. On the death of a member, a sum of 300 sestertii was paid out to meet the expenses, 50 sestertii of this amount being distributed among the funeral train.

It is easy to trace a certain resemblance between such associations as this and the modern life insurance company. Methods somewhat analogous to life insurance of to-day existed also in connection with the Roman army. The Emperors, for obvious reasons, were liberal in their largess to the legionaries, and the recipients were bound to deposit with the ensigns half of what befell them on each occasion, the sum being put to their credit and repaid only at the end of their service, save perhaps in exceptional cases. It remains a disputed question how far the Roman colleges may be regarded as societies aiming at mutual assistance. Yet, as Mr. Jack observes, they had only a step to take to become so. But was the step taken? Mommsen supposed that the Collegia Tenuiorum, in addition to the care of burials, devoted themselves to aims of reciprocal support. Others have followed him in this view. The evidence, however, is not yet sufficient to support the theory.

Also, that there is any direct line of development between the Roman colleges and the gilds of a later period has still to be proved. A number of causes contributed to the rise of the gilds. In the days of weak or non-existent central authority, and consequent ill-administration of justice and lack of poor-relief, an amalgamation of private interests was necessary. We must recall, further, that the ideal of the family, which was particularly an inheritance of the Germanic races, began to be lost: as the family tie loosened and failed in the exercise of its function, a substitute had to be found. Another thing was the decay of the mark communities before the incoming régime of land proprietorships and overlords. Briefly, association was recognized as a means of supplying a new bond for purposes of mutual assistance and support in a day when it was difficult for the individual to stand alone. Whatever the various primary objects of the gilds, every species exhibits the same spirit of brotherhood, going out not merely in that one direction, but embracing as well the other needs of life.

The early history of the gilds is involved in obscurity. There is evidence, however, that they existed in England as early as the ninth century. Those which merit most our attention are the Frith Gilds, the Merchant Gilds, the Craft Gilds, and the Social-Religious and Religious Gilds. The frith gilds were sworn brotherhoods, concerning themselves mainly with the attempt to fill the gaps caused by defects in the matter of law and order due to a weak central authority. They did not, however, exclude the idea of brotherly support and assistance in other directions. In very early times we find the frith gilds in the Frankish Empire and the Netherlands, as well as in England, and it is probable that they existed to some considerable extent in Germany. With the growth of law and order a new era of gild-development began; the form and character of the gild were governed by the vocation of the members and the interests depending thereupon.

There is reason to suppose that the merchant gilds originated in the second half of the eleventh century. We find no trace of them in Anglo-Saxon days, and it is impossible to tell whether they came into England with the Conquest or arose there spontaneously after that event. Once started, their growth was rapid. As early as the reign of Henry I the merchant gild is mentioned in municipal charters. Of the hundred and sixty towns represented at one time or another in the Parliaments of Edward I, as many as ninety-two possessed merchant gilds. While the basic idea of associations of this class seems to have been that of a trading monopoly, we find among their ordinances provisions for attendance at the funerals of deceased members and prayers for the dead, side by side with which were arrangements for mutual support: sick gildsmen were to be visited, and assistance was to be rendered from the funds of the society to brethren who had fallen into poverty and distress, either by an absolute grant or by a loan free of interest; and sometimes the daughters of such needy members were to be dowered for marriage or the convent. The merchant gild seems to have lost its *raison d'être* with the rapid growth and specialization of industries, though the name long survived.

While it may be impossible to trace the craft gild back to the Roman Collegia in a continuous line, it is not improbable that some of the artisan corporations in Gaul had a continuous existence from the fifth to the twelfth century, and even that the organizations of servile craftsmen on the lands of the larger manors and monasteries may have been consciously constituted on the model of the Roman colleges. Though the manorial associations were far from being craft gilds, it seems safe to assume that in many instances they were transformed into such. The two institutions differed in one important particular: the manorial associations were brought about from without; whereas, in the case of the craft gilds, the craftsmen doubtless first associated for mutual objects of brotherhood, for mutual support against the ordinary vicissitudes of life, for mutual intercourse, and mutual pursuit of recreative and religious objects, as well as for the protection of property and freedom. It was only natural that the gild should soon begin to busy itself with practical trade matters, until this object became predominant.

We see that the craft gild has two distinct sets of activities, one affecting the members as craftsmen, the other affecting them as members of a social class. The gild system became one of minute control of the craft. On the one hand, great stress was laid upon the quality of the work done, and on the conditions under which it was done, and, on the other hand, upon a careful regulation of the supply of the trade material. Turning to the social side, we find that it was not merely that help was afforded when the member was beyond all self-help. It was recognized that there were times of difficulty and depression in trade, and the gild chest was open to those whose position could be made secure by the loan of a sum of money to tide them over the difficult period; they were thus not only preserved from penury, but their business was by such means retained to them, and with it their self-respect. Cases of distress, other than those of a temporary character, were met by setting down a certain stipend out of the funds. On the death of a poor brother, an honorable burial was provided for him, and the funds of the craft gilds therefore performed the function of sickness and burial clubs. The advantages extended beyond the craftsman himself to members of his family.

The social-religious gild played a large part in the Middle Ages, both in England and on the Continent. In associations of this class, the relief appears to have been measured not by the loss from the contingencies insured against, but by the actual poverty occasioned by the loss. There is, as Mr. Jack points out, a striking contrast between this attitude and the intense specialization in the various branches of insurance to-day. As a rule, the members of the gild seem to have accepted responsibility for the fixed amount for each of their number who might be in misfortune, but there are instances where, in the event of more than one requiring relief at the same time, the sum receivable by each was reduced.

Outside of the gilds we discover unmistakable tendencies towards mutual assistance. The reprobation of usury, and even of the taking of any interest at all, is one of these. On the other hand, there were a number of expedients which cannot be included in the category of mutual assistance, but which

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easily possess insurance features. Such, for example, was the purchase of rents or annuities. The *montes* possessed similar characteristics. These were loans, sometimes forced and often voluntary, on which an annual money payment was made. This payment, in order to avoid the incriminating term "interest," was regarded as reimbursement of capital. With the weakening of the doctrine of usury, the activities of the *montes* were in many cases transformed into those of banking houses.

The gambling insurance of the Middle Ages was another precursor of modern insurance. If A pays £10 to B, who in consideration therefor agrees to pay A £100, should C's ship (in which neither has a previous money interest) founder during a certain voyage, the compact is obviously nothing but a piece of gambling. Of course, if A has goods to the value of £100 in C's ship, the contract might, for him at least, be regarded as one of insurance. It was a natural transition from such a situation to one where a person about to take a voyage paid a *premio*, which should insure the payment of ransom in the event of capture by the Turks or Barbary pirates.

The sixteenth century gave birth to Holtzschuher and Obrecht, with their theories of compulsory insurance of children, and the seventeenth to Tonti, whose theories may easily be surmised by those familiar with the modern term "tontine." In the seventeenth century also the illustrious Jan de Wit, then Grand Pensionary, first conceived the idea of applying the doctrine of probabilities to the valuation of human life. Nothing came, however, from his effort. In 1693 Edmund Halley, the astronomer, made a great advance in the science by his paper submitted to the Royal Society under the title, "An Estimate of the Degrees of the Mortality of Mankind, drawn from curious Tables of the births and funerals of the City of Breslau; with an attempt to ascertain the price of annuities upon lives."

Thus the way was paved for modern life insurance, the history of which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred have been content to ignore. In compiling this erudite yet very readable treatise, Mr. Jack has dignified the system which we now know, by forcing us to recognize that it owes its enormous vogue quite as much to the instinct of the human race as to the persistent activities of "the life-insurance man."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Red Hand of Ulster. By George A. Birmingham. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co.

American readers, at least, can hardly help feeling this to be a sad come-down for the author of "Spanish Gold" and "Priscilla's Spies." In place of the light-hearted and spontaneous humor of those delightful narratives, we have here a piece of deliberate and heavy-handed political satire. Anti-Unionism in Ulster, with an elaborate conspiracy ending in a battle in the streets of Belfast, might have given this writer a chance for some admirable fooling. In fact, the "timeliness" of his theme fails to rescue the performance from dulness. An Irish multi-millionaire, that richest man in the world who figures under so many aliases in current fiction, wearies of London society, which he has easily brought to heel, and casts about for some new thing. A chance suggestion by his secretary that an Irish revolution might be amusing takes his fancy. The anti-Unionists are his best hope. He promptly allies himself with one McNeice, a fanatical Orangeman and a born leader. Arms are smuggled into Ulster in Conroy's yacht, and on a day the embattled zealots actually face the King's troops. The event is a fiasco: the soldiers have orders to fire into the air, and the Orangemen are such poor marksmen that they do no damage. Presently the troops, instead of awarding the crown of martyrdom to the ambitious foe, quietly withdraw themselves, to the consternation of the patriots. The affair ends with a naval bombardment, consisting of a single shot, which destroys a statue of Queen Victoria in a Belfast square. "O. Henry" might have made an amusing short story out of these materials. As here spun out and rubbed in by Mr. Birmingham, they seem of little account. But it may be that the eye of the true-born and politics-ridden Briton is needed to discern their hidden meaning.

Prudent Priscilla. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The author of "The Professional Aunt" appeals chiefly, we suppose, to a feminine audience. Her humor is of the sort esteemed by knitters in the sun as "bright" and "cute," and disposed of by brusque male verdict as "fresh." The Priscilla of the chronicle is the young wife of a well-to-do English squire, and has an income of her own, of which she never lets us hear the last. The squire's name is Richard, but she chooses to call him Christopher, which, we somewhat obscurely gather, is an act of piquancy. Life moves smoothly at the Manor House. Christopher's only visible task is to cultivate the red health becoming to his station. Priscilla plays Lady Bountiful among the villagers, never forgetting to be sprightly even when being kind. After some years of marriage there are no children at the Manor House, and Priscilla spends a great many of her pages in assuring her readers and her husband that this doesn't matter at all. Christopher is all she wants; children would be sure to be a nuisance; she is determined not to be treated as a disappointed woman, and so on. Of course, it is plain that it does matter, that this is what the book is about, if it is about anything. Priscilla has an old nurse who may be counted on to put new heart into the topic whenever it might otherwise be in danger of lapsing. In short, this is the record of a long flirtation with the idea of maternity. There is only one possible ending, of course—the happy one. The hour arrives when a secret is to be whispered into the red ear of Christopher; and the rest may as well be silence.

In the Vortex. By Clive Holland. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

Perhaps the reason why stories of the Latin Quarter continue to be produced in such numbers is that they satisfy the thirst of many half educated readers for Arcadian literature. The story-book Bohemia is bounded on the north by Arcadia, and on the south by the Mohammedan Paradise. Its utter unreality is one secret of its popularity; its comparatively discreet appeal to the baser instincts is another. In the matter of unreality, "In the Vortex" is almost a burlesque. The opening scenes are laid in New England—a New England where at psychological moments the thrushes sing in the elms of the village street, and where, on one occasion, "the roseate dawn of a spring day was about to break in the *western* sky and creeping over the meadows." The author's liberties with Nature are interestingly paralleled by his liberties with language. "If yer are going" is a fair sample of his New England dialect; "Timothy O'Hagan, a journalist, *gen des lettres* and cosmopolitan," will give an idea of his French; and "there was something so charming and disingenuous about Glynn, and his gray eyes were so clear and questioning for a man that she had, as she phrased it, 'let herself go'" illustrates the fine impartiality of his ordinary diction. But details of this sort will not disturb most of Mr. Holland's readers. They will no doubt revel in the "Bohemian atmosphere" gained by highly colored descriptions of restaurants, studios, and balls, and by the liberal sprinkling of more or less French words.

Pride of War. By Gustaf Janson. Translated from the Swedish original "Lögnerna." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

One looks back to the title-page of this volume to see whether it is not published by some Peace Society. In the form of a series of sketches from the Tripolitan campaign, it is really

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a commentary on Sherman's familiar definition of war. War is built upon lies and supported by them; war is anarchy; war is reversion to the brute; war is theft; war is murder.

These are the texts of a series of narratives written picturesquely and strongly. They give us glimpses of Bedouin life and customs; of the skirmish line, the battle-field, the hospital. "A Fantasia" contains an interesting account of a Bedouin festival; "Lies," perhaps the most effective tract in the series, concludes with an impressive bit of dramatic irony. Before the reader has finished the book he grows a little tired of the recurrent moral, which the writer's earnestness has led him to overemphasize.

THE RHYTHM OF PROSE.

A History of English Prose Rhythm. By George Saintsbury. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

In judging this book, as is the case with most of Professor Saintsbury's work, two quite different points of view may be taken, corresponding to two notable traits of the author's mind. No living critic reacts more finely and spontaneously to the individual passage of beauty wherever found: in this sense his *gusto*, to use an old and desirable word, is almost impeccable. On the other hand, not many writers, certainly no living English writer of his eminence, can flounder so helplessly and at times be so wrong-headed as he when he undertakes that reasoned and systematic criticism of beauty which is more properly the function of *taste*.

So in this history. If one reads it as a kind of anthology of English prose, with a running comment concerned largely, but by no means exclusively, with rhythm, it will be found highly interesting and stimulating. As an example of Professor Saintsbury at his best—and his best is very good—we commend his paragraphs on the passage in Isaiah lx, beginning with the words, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," and ending with, "For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." No reader of the Bible need be told that the language of these verses is beautiful, but there are very few readers, we suspect, who, after hearing Professor Saintsbury's comments, will not admit that they never before felt its full sweetness and marvellous splendor. Nor is it a little thing that the critic makes a fairly elaborate comparison of the English form of these verses with their form in the Septuagint and the Vulgate, and by so doing brings out the magnificent rhetorical resources of our tongue which we sometimes forget. It is significant, however, that the force of the critic's eulogium depends more on his consideration of vowel sounds and grammatical endings than on any specific analysis of the rhythmical scheme.

This same quickness of response to the quality of the individual passage has enabled Professor Saintsbury to give an excellent criticism of the work of Wyclif on the Bible, and of its value relatively to that of Tyndale. Indeed, he is likely to be particularly sound and fine when dealing with details of Scriptural style. Those who have any lingering doubts of the failure of the Revised Version as a devotional book, would do well to ponder the page in which our critic loses his temper gloriously over the Revisers of 1870-1885, "the very Ziim and Ochim and Iim of the fauna of our literature," as he calls them. The passage is so characteristic of Professor Saintsbury and shows so clearly the nonchalance with which he carries the subject of his book, viz., rhythm, that it may be quoted at some length:

> Let us, for another example, take what is perhaps the finest passage, rhythmically, of the New Testament, as "Arise, shine," is not far from being the finest of the Old. The mess which those unfortunate Revisers made of this is notorious. Being utterly ignorant of English literature, they altered "glass" to "mirror," because, I suppose, they were clever enough to know that "glass" was not used for mirrors in the Apostle's days, and not clever enough to have heard of Gascoigne's "Steel *Glass*" in the days of the "Authorized" translators themselves. By recurring to "love," instead of "charity" (an error, even from the strictest "crib" point of view, for it leaves the English reader uncertain whether ἀγάπη or ἔρως is meant), they have at one blow cut the whole rhythm of the passage to pieces, and substituted ugly jolting thuds for undulating spring-work. Because they thought a cymbal did not "tinkle," but did "clang," they spoilt the sound of a whole phrase, and very doubtfully improved its sense, by altering to "clanging" (they had not even the sense to try "clashing," and I wonder why they did not use "bang"). Because of the absurd objection to synonyms which has been, and will be, pilloried, they spoilt the euphony by making both the "prophecies" and the "knowledge" be "done away." They had not even the courage to be literal, where it would have been again in place, by rendering "*through* a mirror," and they deliberately underwent the curse of Mr. Pendennis's schoolmaster by rendering δὲ "and" instead of "but" in the final clause.

It is not to be inferred that the excellence of Professor Saintsbury's work is confined to the minute details of criticism. In dealing with the changes in rhythmical style from age to age and with the various literary currents, he is often shrewd and satisfactory, as he is always enormously literate. As for his literacy, indeed, it becomes a little irksome to find him still insisting on the number of books he has read, and the number of times he has read a particular book. On hearing his own statement that he has now gone through Malory "nearer the fiftieth than the twentieth time," his enemies—and we believe he has such—might grumble that his work would have been better if he read less and reflected more. For if this History displays his sensitiveness to the beauty of individual passages and his familiarity with the changes of literary fashion, it also displays a certain precipitance in his intellectual procedure, which renders his criticism weak constructively and deprives it of authority, even, to some extent, of usefulness.

To be more specific, we must reproduce one of his schematizations, which are interspersed through the book, and which form the basis of his criticism so far as he attends to his nominal subject, rhythm. A famous clause from Sir Thomas Browne, in a passage rightly quoted for its "magnificence," will serve:

> ănd quĭĕtlў | rēstĕd | ūndĕr thĕ drūms | ănd trămplĭngs | ŏf thrēe | cōnquēsts |

As will be seen from this scheme, Professor Saintsbury uses the ordinary metrical signs to denote the quantity of syllables, but in determining feet he never divides in the middle of a word, as is done in verse. Nor, on the other hand, are his feet marked off by those rhetorical pauses which naturally divide prose into short *cola*. His division is purely arbitrary, and, as a consequence, has little significance. The passage quoted above, if divided metrically, would stand thus:

> ănd quī- | ĕtlў rēst- | ĕd ūn- | dĕr thĕ drūms | ănd trămp- | lĭngs ŏf thrēe | cōnquēsts |

We suspect that the only way to arrive at any definite ideas in regard to time values would be a frankly metrical schematization of this sort, though it would be open to grave misunderstanding if supposed to represent precisely the same thing as is represented by similar marks in verse. It is not easy to see how otherwise any unit of measurement can be found which will lead to fruitful comparisons. The only other method which has any relation to the rhythmical facts would give us the following scheme:

> ănd quĭĕtlў rēstĕd | ūndĕr thĕ drūms ănd trămplĭngs | ŏf thrēe cōnquēsts |

Such a system would make the comparison of time values vague and almost meaningless, but it might possibly facilitate the larger comparison of rhetorical cadences, which are really the essential matter in prose rhythm. Professor Saintsbury falls between the metrical and the rhetorical systems, with the result that his schematization, so far as the division into feet goes, has no relation to the facts of prose rhythm, wheth-

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er considered in their relation to the prosody of verse or studied as independent phenomena.

But his error, as we see it, is even deeper. On his first page he quotes Aristotle's description of prose as "neither possessing metre nor destitute of rhythm" (neither *emmetric* nor *arrhythmic*), but in his intellectual precipitance quite fails to see the all-important bearing of this principle. Verse is *emmetric* by reason of that moulding rhythmical sense which the Greeks called *plasma*. By this innate sense the quantity of syllables in reading verse is to a certain degree lengthened or shortened beyond the norm of ordinary speaking, so that a line of poetry falls into a regular succession of long and short syllables, in which the long syllables bear a fairly constant ratio of length to the short syllables, and which can be grouped into metrical divisions (feet) corresponding to the bars of music. But in reading prose the force of *plasma* is much less strongly felt, with the result that prose, though it may have its own rhythm, is not properly *emmetric*. As a consequence, this whole process of scanning prose passages by macron and breve is open to grave misapprehension in theory, and in practice is likely to lead nowhere. It would be perfectly easy to find a flatly unrhythmical prose passage which would fall under precisely the same scheme as a passage which is highly rhythmical. Set down one of Professor Saintsbury's successions of macrons and breves, without the corresponding words; you will rarely be able to decide whether it belongs to a rhythmical or unrhythmical passage.

To get at the rhythm of prose it would be necessary to employ some totally different schematization from that which Professor Saintsbury takes over from prosody and only halfway adapts to new conditions. The rhythm in prose will be found to depend mainly on the rhetorical position of phrases and clauses, and on the use of sonorous words in the places of rhetorical emphasis, which cannot be indicated by the bare symbols of prosody—if they can be profitably indicated by any symbols. As a matter of fact, when Professor Saintsbury applies himself to the praise of any passage of notable rhythmic effects, he commonly forgets his system altogether, and deals directly with balance and cadence and sonority with no reference to macrons and breves. And when he does so proceed, he speaks with an authority that cannot be gainsaid. But as a systematic treatise or as a philosophical exposition of prose rhythm his book is almost valueless.

Reminiscences of the South Seas. By John La Farge. With 48 illustrations, 32 in color, by the author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $7.50 net.

In 1890 and the following year John La Farge, with his friend, Henry Adams, made a leisurely progress through the Pacific islands, sojourning especially in Samoa and the Sandwich Islands. They met on friendly terms the deposed monarch and great gentleman, Mataafa; they were adopted into the line of the Shark God. Their nude paddlers took them from village to village. Waterfalls spread into bathing pools whose outgoing current met the lap of the waves in palm-lined channels. As they approached, the official virgin of the village, the *Taupo*, came to them offering hospitality. A part of their entertainment would usually be the sitting *siva* dance, executed now by stalwart boatmen, now by lithe maidens. It involved a ripple of the entire body to the finger tips, a free rhythm and flexible control such as dancers born to the cumbering garments of civilization never attain. The *siva* is less an accomplishment than an instinct. The Samoan girls used to beat its measures as they lay huddled and dozing together in the palm-leaf huts. Mere infants would gravely mimic the fluent, swimming cadences of their elders.

In this rustic Arcadia the genius of the great painter received a kind of renovation. His skilful brush seized the gestures of these racial dances, and recorded the graceful ritual of life in these peaceful communities. He questioned the elders about their beliefs and elicited strange bits of demonology persisting under the veneer of recent Christianity. The whole experience set him to musing on the issues of art and life. These found literary expression in journals and letters home, out of which this book is compiled. The style is gradual, insinuating, unemphatic, and ill adapted to brief quotation. Withal it is of singular ripeness and charm. An impatient reader will make little of it. For him it is not written. Whoever brings to these pages something of the Polynesian and classic mood will be richly rewarded. There are gracious forms of human wisdom that seem best observed and thought-out in the deep Samoan moonlight. All this fascination may be only the result of a rather animal gentleness and moderation, yet it accords with the more reasoned moderation of the Greeks, and raises the same instructive contrast with the futile restlessness of much civilized effort.

It is interesting to note that this bath of aboriginal life only strengthened the classicism of La Farge. He grasps joyously at Homeric parallels, constantly refuses to be blinded by the color, which he thoroughly understood, and sees the human spectacle in terms of line and movement. Under such a sun, a lurch into modern luminism might well have been expected. Nothing of the sort in La Farge's Pacific sketches. And here let us recall that even the brusque talent of Paul Gauguin was reshaped along quite classic and monumental lines during his stay in Hawaii. With the daily spectacle of the nude in open air before him, La Farge's admiration never reverted to the modern specialists on this theme. He is silent about Zorn and Besnard, and all the professional Orientalists, and thinks instead of Millet, Delacroix, and the old masters:

> Of the moderns, Millet and Delacroix *alone* give the look of the nude alive and out of the studio. Also the Venetians and the older men are not out of the facts. And praise be to the Maker of all (art included), I have not seen any *black* except at night—and even then, "si peu, si peu." Rembrandt would be happy here, especially in the evenings, when the cocoanut fire—that is so bright as to look bright in the day—makes a centre of light strong enough to turn the brown skins to silver and to gold; and then passes by every gradation of the prism into nameless depths that black paint will never give. My dear old painters, even to Van Eyck and Memling, how well they "carry" over the globe!

The pleasure of this delightful book is much enhanced by the numerous and fairly successful reproductions of the author's color sketches.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Volume IX: "From Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

We note among the collaborators in this volume several of those whose contributions in the past have done most to establish the success of the series. For instance, as in previous volumes, A. W. Ward furnishes the chapter on Historical and Political Writers, and W. R. Sorley that on the philosophers of the period—Berkeley, Shaftesbury, the deists and their opponents. The work of Professor Ward is distinguished, as usual, by learning, vigor, and judgment. Especially valuable is his review of Bolingbroke's political writings—doubtless, the best appreciation that has yet appeared of the production of that versatile genius in this particular field. Professor Sorley continues here his lucid expositions of English philosophical thought, and in the chapter on Writers of Burlesque and Translators we meet again with Charles Whibley, whose vivacity and incisive critical gifts are all the more conspicuous from their rarity in these volumes. Professor Saintsbury, to whom the lion's share has so often fallen in previous volumes, has here only a part of the chapter on the Lesser Verse Writers—a varied assemblage, from "knowing" Walsh to Isaac

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Watts, and from Blackmore to Savage. In dealing with so unpromising a subject the writer's sense of humor, lively imagery, trick of literary allusion, and sure instinct for what is really fine in literature stand him in good stead.

Among the chapters from new contributors we note especially the admirable one on Defoe—The Newspaper and the Novel—by Prof. W. P. Trent. In the author's estimate, Defoe is not so much the maligned patriot of his early biographers as a brilliant and mercenary journalist, the deterioration of whose character was in a measure due to hard usage—especially in the affair of the pillory (1703). The judgment of Defoe's contemporaries upon his character was almost unanimously unfavorable, and, where such is the case, one need not trouble about the sophistries of later biographers, to whom the genius of their author is a source of intellectual pleasure merely, instead of practical inconvenience. It is to be said, however, that Professor Trent does not regard Defoe even in his later development so much as a shameless and wholesale liar as "a consummate casuist who was often his own chief dupe." The chapter contains some important corrections in the biographies of this writer. So, for instance, Defoe's imprisonment, which began early in 1703, is shown to have ended about November 1 of that year, instead of in August, 1704. Accordingly, his famous journal, the *Review*, was not founded while the editor was in prison. Of especial importance for its bearing on Defoe's character is Professor Trent's account of the affair of his supposed illness at the end of 1714, to which he alludes so pathetically in his "Appeal to Honour and Justice," published in February, 1715. Professor Trent discredits the story of this illness and makes it clear that at no time was his pen more prolific than during this period of his feigned disability. As a writer Professor Trent happily describes Defoe as "the greatest of plebeian geniuses," and he traces convincingly his evolution as a novelist out of his experience as a journalist and miscellaneous author rather than from the influences of previous fiction.

The other great writers of the period hardly fare so well as Defoe in this volume. Most satisfactory, perhaps, is the chapter on Steele and Addison, by Harold Routh, although it should seem to be a narrow definition of genius which would deny the possession of this quality, to Addison at least. We object, too, to Mr. Routh's assumption that the simplification of English prose towards the end of the seventeenth century was due to the more active social intercourse which followed on the institution of coffee-houses. But men's tongues moved just as rapidly at The Mermaid tavern fifty or sixty years before. Nevertheless, this chapter gives an adequate account of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* as intimate expressions of the spirit of the age and as powerful reforming agencies in contemporary life. The discussion of Swift by G. A. Aitken is clear and accurate in point of scholarship, but even in a work of this kind one would expect some attempt to portray with bolder relief this extraordinary personality, which combines every element of interest—genius, mystery, and tragedy. The chapter on Pope, by Professor Bensly, must be pronounced wholly inadequate. Nothing so commonplace on a writer of the first rank has appeared before in this series. It reads like an average classroom lecture, intended to convey to undergraduates the "needful information." Of a very different quality is the treatment of William Law and the Mystics, by Miss C. F. E. Spurgeon, one of the most interesting contributions to the present volume. The exposition of the mystical teaching of Boehme and Law, which once possessed an influence, even over leading minds, that is now little realized, is apt to engage the attention of many readers who are otherwise unaccustomed to occupy themselves with literature of this kind. Among the remaining chapters we note T. F. Henderson's valuable digest of what is known concerning Scottish popular poetry before Burns, G. A. Aitken's authoritative outline of Arbuthnot's life and work, and the useful summaries of the labors of scholars and antiquaries during this period—mainly, of course, in classical and historical research—by J. D. Duff and H. G. Aldis.

The bibliographies make up about one-fourth of the entire volume, and in some sections have an exceptional value. For example, the list of Defoe's writings, compiled by Professor Trent, is the fullest and most accurate in existence. As regards earlier journalists, it is, perhaps, worth noting that since the publication of this volume an elaborate life of Sir Roger L'Estrange, by G. Kitchin, has appeared. In the bibliography of John Gay we miss the two paraphrases from Ariosto which were first published in the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen* for 1909. The pieces are preserved in Gay's handwriting and their authenticity is beyond dispute. This omission is particularly regrettable, as the second of these *contes*, based on the Fiordispina episode of the "Orlando Furioso," is one of the best things that we have from Gay's pen. Accompanying the paraphrases in the above-mentioned article are the variants from an interesting early draft of Gay's charming poem, "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece," written to celebrate the completion of his friend's translation of the Iliad and also imitated from Ariosto.

The Stock Exchange from Within. By W. C. Van Antwerp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Van Antwerp's sketch of the origin, nature, and functions of the Stock Exchange is written primarily as a reply to outside attacks on the methods of that institution, especially in the recent Pujo Committee hearings. Since the author is at present a member of the board of governors, it is actually a view "from within." It is not, however, an unqualified panegyric on the methods and practices which surround that interesting institution, for it points out faults as well as virtues. A chapter on the Uses and Abuses of Speculation takes fair and judicious account of existing evils, and it undoubtedly characterizes the worst of them in the comment that "the great evil of speculation consists in the buying of securities or real estate or anything else with borrowed money, by uninformed people who cannot afford to lose." This very essential fact is often left out of account by critics of the Stock Exchange itself.

In the much-discussed matter of "manipulation," Mr. Van Antwerp admits that this imparting artificially of an unreal appearance of activity or strength "at times assumes the proportions of a real evil." He points out fairly the efforts of the governing committee to suppress it. The difficulty of dealing with such offences, when the culprit who gave the simultaneous buying and selling orders was not a member of the Exchange and hence not amenable to its discipline, and when the brokers executing the orders were not aware of their character, is set forth on the general grounds which have become familiar in the recent argument over preventive legislation by the State. Perhaps it would have to be admitted that the recent and stringent rule adopted by the governing committee, that "no Stock Exchange member or member of a Stock Exchange firm shall give, or with knowledge execute, orders for the purchase or sale of securities which would involve no change of ownership," recognizes the fact that past regulation has been somewhat deficient. From another point of view, the frank statement at the Albany hearing, by counsel for the Exchange, that State legislation might properly undertake to deal with the outside culprits in such matters, suggested where the authority of the Exchange itself may have needed outside support.

Mr. Van Antwerp makes interesting comment on the characteristics of the Stock Exchange and its daily business; on the manner of passing on applicants for membership, and on such particular vocations among its members, mysterious to the general outside public, as the "specialist," the "two-dollar broker," the "odd-lot broker," the "arbitrageur," and the "floor trader." The

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ethics and economic function of "short selling" are again set forth, and the arguments against incorporation recited. Much of the atmosphere of the Stock Exchange is summed up in the remark that "yesterday is embalmed with the Pharaohs; they never speak here of what *has* happened, but only of what *will* happen—and this is a new day."

For a work written without pretence of scientific investigation, this contains considerable reference and citation to the more formal literature on the topics concerned, and its historical dates and references are generally accurate. Mr. Horace White's report as chairman of the Hughes Committee of 1909 on stock exchanges and speculation is so frequently referred to, that a mistaking of his identity is unfortunate. The book repeatedly speaks of "Governor Horace White." There was such a person; he was chosen Lieutenant-Governor under Mr. Hughes, and filled out that Governor's unexpired term when Mr. Hughes went to the Supreme Court; but he was not the chairman of the Hughes Commission or a writer on finance. Mr. Horace White, of New York city, is surely a sufficiently well-known person not to be confused with Mr. Horace White, of Syracuse.

Memories of Victorian London. By L. B. Walford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

"The twentieth century will revel in the pen-portraiture of the nineteenth," said Coventry Patmore many years ago to Mrs. Walford, in course of a conversation arising out of her own last-published novel, and perhaps there is just a hint of personal feeling in her comment on the remark, "How ironical this sounds now!" The novels of L. B. Walford had a considerable vogue in their day, and if a younger generation is unfamiliar with "Mr. Smith," "Cousins," and "A Mere Child," it is only because the spirit of the times has changed, just as the external appearance of the London streets is very different from what it was when Mrs. Walford first made her curtsey before Queen Victoria And if the author permits herself a sigh of regret that her books no longer make the appeal to the popular taste that they once did, the sigh is a very fleeting one, and she cheerfully applies her practiced pen to a field of literature that never stales.

In the present volume, which records a different series of incidents and impressions from those narrated in the previous "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist," Mrs. Walford gives her reminiscences of life in an eclectic rather than an exclusive circle of London society, from the year 1864 until the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897. The manner of the book is fragmentary, almost random, preserving no sequence save that of time, and the incidents recorded are only linked together by the personality of "Mary," the charming relative of the author, to whose letters and journals the volume owes much of its inspiration, and whose identity, we confess, piques our curiosity, but eludes us. Principally in the earlier chapters there are a few arid passages and some anecdotes that seem hardly worth recording; but these are amply atoned for by much that fascinates. Mrs. Walford has something to tell of most of the prominent figures in the social, literary, and artistic life of London during the past half-century; and often what she has to say is new, almost always it is interesting.

Of Oscar Wilde she tells a characteristic story. At the time of his marriage, when the young *ménage* was not too affluent, a benevolent aunt presented him with fifty pounds to assist in furnishing the house—the household goods he had acquired up to then consisting of a clock, a table, and three Chippendale chairs. After the honeymoon the young couple appeared before her, and "with great exultation" displayed two Apostle spoons in which they had invested her present. In chapter xxii a charming episode, unfortunately too long for quotation, is recorded in which the names of Leighton, Millais, and Thackeray are linked together; and one short anecdote of Shelley's sisters must be given, which is new, at any rate, to the present reviewer. The elder of the sisters was once asked: "Are you a sister of the poet Shelley?" To which she replied with *hauteur:* "I once had a brother who I believe wrote immoral verses, but I am thankful to say I have never read any of them."

L'Arbitrage international chez les Hellènes. Par A. Raeder. Translation into French by M. Synnestvedt. Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Greeks invented international arbitration. It was the natural resource of a group of autonomous states who were constantly disputing their individual rights, especially their boundaries, and concluding treaties and conventions, while they recognized certain legal rights common to them all. It was to the interest of the larger states that the smaller should not embroil the Greek world, and it was besides strongly characteristic of the Greeks in general to seize an opportunity to state both sides of a question and appeal to a third party to decide on the winner. So the shepherds in Theocritus leave it to any chance comer to award the prize for their songs, and the countrymen in the newly-found "Epitrepontes" of Menander entrust a more serious decision, the fate of a deserted child and the jewelry exposed with it, to an old man who is passing in the street. The arbitrator's ability to decide, and the necessity of abiding by his decision, are taken for granted, and even in the cases of international arbitration here collected by Raeder a refusal to trust the good faith of a proposed arbitrator stands out as a striking exception. This was when, in 342 B. C., after occupying the island of Halonnesus which was claimed by Athens, Philip of Macedon proposed to settle the affair by arbitration. Thereupon Demosthenes declared that it would be impossible to find an impartial state to arbitrate, and Hegesippus added that in any case Philip would bribe the judges. Here it may be noted that, in the eyes of the Hellenes, Philip was an outer barbarian, and they allowed no barbarians international rights.

This exclusive attitude of the Hellenes has led some authorities, like Bonfils, to deny that they had achieved international law in the modern sense. But Raeder points out that in this respect the European nations resemble to some extent the Greek states: "Nous n'attribuons le vrai traitement d'égal à égal, au point de vue du droit international, qu'aux peuples européens, sauf en partie à la Turquie, et aux pays colonisés par l'Europe, ainsi qu'au Japon. Le monde Mahométan, la Chine, etc., sont rangés dans une classe inférieure, et pour les autres sociétés on ne peut vraiment pas dire qu'elles aient une situation juridique quelconque à nos yeux." But while the more powerful states imposed arbitration on the smaller, among themselves they usually preferred to dispense with it, and the Athenians thought it merely impertinent of Philip when he exhorted them to refer their differences with him to arbitration on the ground that Athens had obliged Thasos and Maronea to submit their petty claims to arbitration. Athens, however, was always more willing than Sparta to accept arbitration, and the attempt of Pericles to summon a congress to found a permanent court of arbitration, attested by Plutarch in his Life of Pericles, was foiled by Sparta, who compelled the whole Peloponnesus to refuse to participate in any such project. In general, permanent arbitration clauses in treaties, when they were adopted later by the Leagues, virtually never, according to Raeder, prevented war.

The arbitrators agreed upon were sometimes a distinguished individual like Themistocles, sometimes a whole town which would vote *en masse*, or a commission chosen from one or more towns, sometimes, though not as often as one would expect, the oracle of Delphi, and then usually on colonial rights. The decisions were deposited in some safe place, usually a temple such as the sanctuary of Apollo on Delos or of Æsculapius at Epidaurus.

Such a work as Raeder's has only

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lately become possible, because the literary evidence for arbitration is relatively scanty, and we rely in the main on inscriptions discovered in recent years. It is appropriate that the first publication of the Nobel Institute should be an exhaustive study by a well-known Danish scholar.

Notes

March 1 will see the publication by Holt of the concluding volume of Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe." The book will be entitled "Jean-Christophe: Journey's End," and will contain the last three volumes of the French edition—"Love and Friendship," "The Burning Bush," and "The New Dawn."

A new book by H. G. Wells is announced for immediate publication by B. W. Huebsch. It is entitled "The Discovery of the Future," and is based on an address delivered by Mr. Wells before the Royal Institution.

The same house will issue shortly: "Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism, and Socialism," by John Spargo, and "The Truth About Socialism," by Allan L. Benson.

The following titles are promised by Doran this week: "The Great Acceptance," a story by Guy Thorne; "With the Turks in Thrace," by Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett; "Starving America," by Alfred W. McCann, and "Wesley's World Parish," by George G. Findlay and Mary Grace Findlay.

McBride, Nast & Co. will bring out the first of next month "The Balkan War Drama," by Cyril Campbell.

Among their forthcoming books, Scribners have the following: "Letters of General Meade," edited by George E. Meade; "European Cities at Work," by Frederic C. Howe; "The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones," two volumes, illustrated, by Anna de Koven; "Journals of Danker and Sluyter, 1679-80," by B. B. James; "A Small Boy and Others," the story of his boyhood, by Henry James; "Rose Bertin, the Creator of Fashion at the Court of Marie Antoinette," by Emile Langlade, adapted from the French by Dr. Angelo A. S. Rappoport; "Germany and the Germans, From an American Point of View," by Price Collier; "Monarchical Socialism in Germany," by Elmer Roberts; "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt," by S. H. Leeder; "The Gateway to the Sahara: Observations and Experiences in Tripoli," by Charles W. Furlong; "The Pathos of Distance: A Book of a Thousand and One Moments," by James Huneker; "Enjoyment of Poetry," by Max Eastman; "Helen Redeemed and Other Poems," by Maurice Hewlett; Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone," new popular edition, with an introduction by Robert E. Speer; a popular centenary edition of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa"; "Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians," by Mary Gay Humphreys; "What Is the Truth About Jesus Christ?" by Friedrich Loofs; "The Life and Teachings of Jesus," by Charles F. Kent, and "The Fundamental Christian Faith," by Dr. Charles A. Briggs, D.D.

As a companion volume to "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth," Messrs. Constable are about to publish "The Youth of Henry VIII: A Narrative in Contemporary Letters," by Frank A. Mumby.

A "History of the Renaissance," designed for the general reader, by J. D. Symon and S. L. Bensusan, is in the press of Messrs. Jack.

There will shortly come from the press of Paul Elder & Company a volume of essays entitled "Intimations," by John D. Barry, and "The Critic in the Orient," a book of travel impressions by George Hamilton Fitch.

Miscellaneous publications in Little, Brown's spring list include: "The Philippine Problem," by Frederick Chamberlin; "The Empire of India," by Sir J. Bamfylde Fuller, being a new volume in the All Red British Empire series; "Famous Speeches," second series, by Herbert Paul; "The Romance of the Men of Devon," by Francis Gribble; "A Sunny Life: The Biography of Samuel June Barrows," by Isabel C. Barrows; "The Prince Imperial," a biography of the son of Napoleon III, by Augustin Filon; two new volumes in the Continental Legal History series, and a new book in the Modern Criminal Science series.

The Committee on Research Institute is collecting information about bibliographical material and indexes kept in manuscript by libraries and individuals. Those who have such material in their possession or know of the whereabouts of any are requested to communicate with the chairman of the committee, Aksel G. S. Josephson, care of the John Crerar Library, Chicago.

The Oxford edition of Browning's "Ring and the Book," on India paper, has for frontispiece a photogravure of the portrait by Field Talfourd, and several facsimiles from the Yellow Book. An introduction is furnished by Edward Dowden.

In writing the life of "Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke" (London: David Nutt), Mrs. Francis Berkeley Young has gone back scrupulously to original documents. Several of these, including letters from the Countess to her relatives and to personages at court, have never before been published. Although Mrs. Young is more concerned as scholar to let the documents speak for themselves than to indulge the inferences of the trained biographer, she contrives to present a fairly clear picture. Born in 1561, seven years the junior of her brother Philip and two years older than Robert, Mary Sidney had the capacity to sustain family traditions as distinguished as any in the realm. Her father, Sir Henry, had been brought up as a child with Prince Edward, and later became Lord Deputy of Ireland and Lord President of Wales, besides, with his wife, Mary Dudley, playing an important part at court. It may be that her marriage with Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a man twenty-five years her senior, tended to develop certain native resources which in a less disparate match might have lain hidden; namely, her literary side. Both by her own productions and by her influence on others, she ranked as probably the first woman of letters of her day, and more than any one else reflected the activity of certain Italian ladies whose courts were thronged with literary folk.

The countess's home at Wilton was comparable to Urbino in the days of the great duchess and of her brilliant lady-in-waiting, Emilia Pia. Her actual share in the "Arcadia" is not certain, though it is clear that she was equal to the task of patching together the loose ends which Sir Philip had left. With him she also undertook a metrical translation of the Psalms, doing the major part of the work, and, as Mrs. Young believes, showing the greater skill. She seems to have rightly judged her powers as best suited to translating. She published an English version of a work by Philippe Du Plessis Mornay, the friend of Sir Philip, calling it "A Discourse of Life and Death"; a blank-verse translation of Garnier's "Antonie"; and rendered into English *terza rima* (the verse of the original) Petrarch's "Trionfo della Morte." She was also the author of "The Doleful Lay of Clarinda," an elegy first published in Spenser's "Astrophel," and of "Astrea," a pastoral dialogue in praise of Elizabeth, which first appeared in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody." The rendering of Petrarch, which Mrs. Young prints for the first time, from a manuscript in the library of the Inner Temple, is interesting mainly as a *tour de force*. We quote the opening lines:

That gallant Ladie, glorioustie bright,
The statelie pillar once of worthinesse,
And now a little dust, a naked spright,
Turn'd from hir warres a ioyefull conqueresse:
Hir warres, where she had foyl'd the mightie foe,
Whose wylie stratagems the world distresse.
And foyl'd him, not with sword, with speare, or bowe,
But with chaste heart, faire visage, upright thought,
Wise speache, which did with honor linked goe.

Not to give all who sought the countess as their patron, we may mention Nicholas Breton, Samuel Daniel, Abraham Fraunce, Spenser, Nashe, Watson, Drayton. The dedications to the lady by these men and others, which Mrs. Young reprints, in spite of the customary flattery they contain, witness to the solidity of Mary Sidney's intelligence and to the enormous impulse which she gave to literature. Finally, Mrs. Young reviews the controversy over the authorship (variously attributed to William Browne and Ben Jonson) of the countess's noble epitaph:

Underneath this sable Herse
Lyes the subject of all verse, etc.

The Life of James Fenimore Cooper, which Miss Mary E. Phillips has just published through John Lane Company, aims so far as possible to be a personal sketch of the man himself, not a new estimate of his writings. From printed and unprinted documents, the author has brought together a series of interesting pictures of Cooper, especially during his years of residence in France and England and travelling on the Continent, where his reputation made him everywhere a welcome guest. Nobility sought him out, and in France one princess made such demands upon him that Mrs. Cooper writes that she would be jealous if the lady were not a grandmother—though it was admitted that she did not look it. After Sir Walter Scott and Cooper met, for the first time, in Paris, Scott wrote in his diary, "So the Scotch and the American Lions took the field together." Their common publisher in Paris Scott described as "our gosling" (his name was Goselin), and hoped that at least "he laid golden eggs."

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It is said that when Cooper, sitting for his portrait by Mme. de Mirabel, was asked to look at the picture of a distinguished statesman, he replied, "No, if I must look at any, it shall be my master," and he raised his eyes to a portrait of Sir Walter Scott. Of Lafayette, Cooper saw much at the old general's country place, not far from Paris. "No one," the American wrote, "can be pleasanter in private, and he is full of historical anecdotes that he tells with great simplicity and frequently with great humor."

After a year and a half of France, 1826-1828, the Coopers moved to England. We hear much of the banker-poet Rogers, who on one occasion spoke slightingly of Washington Irving's "Columbus," saying that "It's rather long." Cooper retorted sharply, "That's a short criticism." With Lady Holland the American had a pleasant passage of wit. When at her table he refused a plate of herring, she remarked that they were Dutch, that they could only be procured through an ambassador. Cooper, unimpressed, replied, "There are too many good things of native production to require a voyage to Holland on my account." Wordsworth he liked very much when he met him once informally. He had previously declined to make his acquaintance at a public function, stating that a man was seldom his true self on such an occasion. Perhaps no one on the Continent inspired the writer more than the Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, with whom he rode much over the Campagna. It is pleasant to read anew of the foreign estimates of Cooper's work. Sir Walter, the master, wrote in his journal in 1828, "I have read Cooper's new novel, 'The Red Rover.' The current of it rolls entirely on the ocean. Something too much of nautical language. It is very clever, though." Thackeray thought Leather Stocking "the greatest character created in fiction since the Don Quixote of Cervantes." The death-scene in "The Prairie" surpassed, to his mind, anything he had "met in English literature." Victor Hugo pronounced Cooper the greatest novelist of the century—excepting the authors of France. Balzac's judgment was even more discriminating: "If Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in painting the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." Hundreds of illustrations, many of them of scenes in Cooper's own day, add greatly to the interest of this book.

In "An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy" (Putnam), W. Tudor Jones aims to present the essentials of Eucken's teaching "in a form which is as simple as the subject-matter allows." But, if we may make the distinction, clarification rather than simplification is what is chiefly needed, and any attempt to make Eucken clear would require a reconstruction, or possibly some beginning of genuine construction, of the whole point of view. This the *pietas* of the pupil hardly contemplates. Meanwhile Mr. Jones succeeds in giving a faithful impression, and for an impressionistic philosophy this is perhaps enough.

Great credit is due the Bureau of Education at Washington for bringing out "Special Collections in Libraries in the United States," by W. Dawson Johnston and Isadore G. Mudge. This work, small as it is, will prove of inestimable value to all investigators. The first of the previous publications of this sort, noted in the preface, was that compiled by William Coolidge Lane and Charles Knowles Bolton and issued in 1892 as a "Bibliographical Contribution" (No. 45) of Harvard University. The next was embodied in the Report of the Librarian of Congress for 1901. The following year the New York Library Club put out a manual containing a list of all the libraries of Greater New York, with detailed accounts of their history, regulations, and resources. The editors of the pamphlet just issued by the Bureau of Education appear to have been ignorant of this work, which covers quite exhaustively a part of the field upon which they have labored. Last year three other publications of this kind were issued, to all of which the editors call attention. No one who has not been engaged in such a work can appreciate the difficulty of gathering the information. Many to whom circulars of inquiry are sent fail to pay any attention to them; others return but scant replies. Every means has to be exhausted before the facts can be procured. Although the present work is not faultless—for one thing, thicker faced type might have been used to mark important features—it is a great advance beyond previous efforts of the kind, and it is to be hoped that the Government will issue enlarged and revised editions of it at frequent intervals. In a cursory examination we have noted a few omissions. There is no mention of the Long Island Historical Society, which in 1902 reported 2,309 volumes of genealogies or family histories; nor of the Library of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, at the Masonic Temple, on Twenty-third Street, which contains 5,000 volumes and several hundred pamphlets on Masonic topics. The New Yorker in search of such books, if he followed the present guide, would have to go to Boston, Chicago, or Cedar Rapids. The New York Public Library, in 1902, had 10,000 volumes of Patent Reports of which no account is taken. The Los Angeles Public Library has 1,100 books and pamphlets bearing directly on California and more than 1,200 volumes in Spanish relating to Mexico; neither collection is included. We also look in vain under Domestic Economy for any reference to the unique collection of thousands of menu cards, many of them possessing historic associations, belonging to the New York Public Library. On page 95, among works indicating the location of many of the rarer Americana, the Church Catalogue of Americana might with perfect propriety have received mention. The 3,000 trade catalogues of the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh are referred to in the index, but not the 6,000 in the Philadelphia Museum Library; nor the latter's 500 directories, three-fourths of which are of foreign cities.

It is a pleasure to read a text-book of the type furnished by Lieut.-Col. G. S. A. Ranking, now lecturer in Persian at the University of Oxford, in his revision of the late John T. Platts's "Grammar of the Persian Language" (Clarendon Press; Frowde), a work which originally appeared in 1894. Col. Ranking has not merely recast portions of the original text, but has entirely rewritten the sections on word-formation and verb-classification (Platts's classification being reprinted in an appendix), as well as portions of the discussion of Arabic grammar which is essential to every student of Persian, and he has furnished a brief but illuminating section on prosody. He adds a capital outline of Persian syntax, which is most important, because, while the syntax of the older Iranian languages—Avesta, Old Persian, and Pahlavi—has already been treated, virtually the only contributions to a knowledge of the modern Iranian syntax have been those of Trumpp for Afghan ("Grammar of the Pasto," pp. 305-362) and of Von Stackelberg for Ossetic ("Beiträge zur Syntax des Ossetischen"). There is only one portion of the work by which the beginner in Persian may be misled. Nearly all the etymologies and other comparative material are drawn from the "Etudes iraniennes" of Darmesteter, which has now been superseded by such studies as Hübschmann's "Persische Studien," Horn's "Neupersische Schriftsprache" in the "Grundriss der iranischen Philologie" of Geiger and Kuhn, and the "Mittelpersisch" of Salemann in the same "Grundriss." None of these appears to have been consulted by Col. Ranking; nor has he employed any of the more recent works on Avesta or Old Persian, between which dialects he does not carefully distinguish.

"In Portugal" (Lane), by Aubrey F. G. Bell, is a series of desultory and disconnected sketches rather than a formal narrative of travel, and is apparently designed to be a companion volume to "The Magic of Spain," published last year by the same author. In the present work no corner of Lusitania has been left unvisited. Mr. Bell has been to many a nook little frequented by tourists and has described sympathetically what he has seen. What otherwise would be pleasant is made difficult by the author's excessive use of Portuguese words and phrases and numerous long quotations from native poets. Portuguese is not a language with which many general readers are familiar. In addition to the travel sketches there is an account of the Portuguese language and a critical estimate of Guerra Junqueiro, Portugal's greatest living poet, now serving his country as Minister to Switzerland.

The Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University in 1912 were delivered by President William H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, on the topic, "What Does Christianity Mean?" (Revell). Strictly only the first lecture, on The Essence of Christianity, is in answer to the inquiry which gives title to the course. Other chapters deal with The Aim of Education, The Principle of Fellowship, and The Basis and Test of Character. President Faunce finds the meaning of Christianity neither in ritual, nor in creed, nor in a series of historical facts, nor yet in good morals, but in the Christian revelation of the eternal purpose of God and the developing of that purpose in human institutions. This answer does not differ greatly from Harnack's celebrated discussion of the same subject, although it is expressed in more popular form. Dr. Faunce has a happy gift of setting forth a mild form of advanced doctrine in a manner which does not irritate minds disposed to be orthodox, and his pages are marked by persuasive reasonableness. His lectures make no addition to

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the body of apologetics, but they declare the fundamentals of spiritual Christianity in a manner to clarify confused conceptions and to reveal the large body of positive truth which remains unshaken by recent discussions.

The recent contention of the German philosopher Drews, based in large measure upon suggestions made in America by B. W. Smith and in England by J. M. Robertson, to the effect that Jesus is not an historical personage but a myth, has stirred up a lively controversy the end of which does not yet appear. Hitherto the replies to Drews have proceeded, naturally enough, mainly from German theologians against whose historical method the philosopher's guns were levelled. America, however, the birthplace of "The pre-Christian Jesus," has not been silent. Quite recently, Professor Case, of Chicago, devoted a small volume to the question at issue the excellence of which is guaranteed by the fact that Smith, in his English edition of "Ecce Deus," found it necessary to make a cutting rejoinder. And now, in the volume just at hand, "Jesus the Christ: Historical or Mythical" (Imported by Scribners), England, the source of "Pagan Christs" and "Christianity and Mythology," speaks in the person of Dr. T. J. Thorburn, a divine favorably known by his contributions to the problem of the narrative of the birth and resurrection of Jesus, who undertakes a specific reply to the positions taken in the first part of Drews's "Die Christusmythe." This reply is to be commended as an impersonal, candid, and painstaking examination of the evidence upon which Drews builds his theory, especially of the mythological elements which Robertson professes to find in the gospels. While insisting that the mythical interpretation of the figure of Jesus has no basis in fact, Dr. Thorburn concedes both that the term "Nazareth" is probably equivalent to Galilee (p. 175) and that much is to be said in favor of Smith's theory that Iscariot means not "the traitor," but simply "the deliverer-up" (p. 253).

Dr. Benjamin Eli Smith, editor of the Century Dictionary and its allied publications, died Monday at his home in New Rochelle, N. Y. He was born at Beirut, Syria, the son of a missionary, in 1857; he graduated from Amherst in 1877, and was made a doctor of letters by that college in 1902. He had been associated with the Century Company since 1883. One of his first literary works was a translation of Schwegler's "History of Philosophy." He also translated Cicero's "De Amicitia," edited Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanack," and issued selections from Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Pascal, besides supervising the Century Cyclopedia of Names and the Century Atlas.

Harry Langford Wilson, professor of Roman archæology and epigraphy in the Johns Hopkins University and president of the Archæological Institute of America, died suddenly, of pneumonia, February 23. He was born at Wilton, Ontario, October 28, 1867. He was a graduate of Queen's University, Canada (B.A., 1887; M.A., 1888), and of the Johns Hopkins University (Ph.D., 1896). In 1903 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Queen's University. In 1906-7 he served as professor in the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. In 1908 he was elected a foreign member of the Imperial German Archæological Institute. In December, 1912, he was elected president of the Archæological Institute of America. He was author of "The Metaphor in the Epic Poems of P. Papinius Statius" (1898), editor of the Satires of Juvenal (1903), and a frequent contributor to various archæological journals.

Paul-Marie-Pierre Thureau-Dangin, since 1908 perpetual secretary of the French Academy, died in Paris on Monday, at the age of seventy-five. He was the author of several works on political and religious history.

Science

Dr. Woods Hutchinson's new book, "Common Diseases," will be issued next week by Houghton Mifflin.

Prof. Nathaniel Lord Britton is publishing, through Scribners, "An Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions."

Little, Brown will bring out this spring "Engineers' Handbook on Patents," by William Macomber.

The larger part of *Bird-Lore* for January-February is devoted to the thirteenth Christmas bird census, which consists of 199 reports from all parts of the country. The largest number of species, 103, and 9,227 individuals, was observed at Santa Barbara, Cal., between the hours of 6:30 A. M. and 5:45 P. M. Attention is directed to the great destruction of the valuable water birds on the Labrador coast, and suitable legislation to check it is asked of the Newfoundland Government.

Prof. Willis I. Milham's "Meteorology" (Macmillan) embodies the results of the author's experience as a teacher of a large course in elementary meteorology during the past eight years at Williams College, supplemented by some months of practical study at the central office of the Weather Bureau in Washington. There has been increasing need of a book of this type for some time past. Davis's "Elementary Meteorology" is now fifteen years old. In that period the advance of meteorology has been very rapid, and Davis's text is naturally somewhat behind the times in several respects, although in clearness of presentation and in logical treatment his book has easily maintained its position. Professor Milham has given us a text which is fully up to date, and which is very strong on the bibliographic side. The present status of the science is well summarized. Marginal headings, questions, and topics for investigation add greatly to the value of the book for teaching purposes. Few books on meteorology really meet the needs of both student and general reader. Professor Milham's volume, like many others, is designed to fulfil this purpose. The chapter on weather forecasting is one of the best, and gives a clear statement of the principles of forecasting in such a way that they can be understood by any intelligent reader.

When the reader closes George Iles's "Leading American Inventors" (Holt), he has a right to the feeling that in this line of endeavor, at least, Americans have justified themselves. Mr. Iles restricts his list to the dozen or so men who, in the course of a century, have conceived and perfected inventions which have profoundly modified our civilization. It would be most interesting to trace the changes in society which Stevens and Fulton wrought by their inventions in transportation, and Morse in communication. One instance of the sort is given at length. Rhodes, in his "History of the United States," shows clearly that slavery was dying out in this country until it received a new and vital impulse from the success in cotton-growing. And this success was absolutely dependent on the development of a machine like Whitney's cotton gin. We can look back to a quiet scene when Mrs. Greene, the widow of Gen. Nathanael Greene, of Revolutionary fame, said to some visitors who were deploring the lack of such a machine, "Gentlemen, apply to my friend, Mr. Whitney; he can make anything." He made the machine, and the Civil War was inevitable. While not many inventions lead to such enormous upheavals, yet the revolution made by Goodyear when he added a new elemental substance, rubber, to the stock of human possessions, was very great. And in their line, Sholes, Tilghman, and Mergenthaler altered civilization by changing printing; Howe modified home-life with the sewing-machine; McCormick revolutionized farming by the reaper; and Ericsson gave a different turn to war by the Monitor. This fascinating aspect of invention Mr. Iles has wisely kept in the foreground. As for the inventors themselves, their struggles, self-absorption, their tardy success, if personal success ever came to them, make a pathetic story. Nor does the attitude of the financier and promoter towards inventions make pleasant reading. In almost every instance they were not intelligent enough to foresee the final success; and after this was attained, in spite of treachery and neglect, their rôle was one of rapacity and greed, the inventor receiving fame as his share and they the profit. Read in this larger way, these short biographies have great interest and value. Mr. Iles also deserves credit for collecting data for his lives which were hitherto little available.

The Instituto Geográfico Militar Argentino has lately issued the first number of an Anuario which indicates the beginning of important cartographical work for farther South America. It appears to be the intention of the Institute to accept its share of the laborious and costly work of triangulating and levelling by which the figure of the earth is coming to be more closely known, and to contribute twenty-one sheets to the 1:1,000,000 map of the world, following the project advocated for some years past by Penck, of Berlin, and according to the scheme adopted by an important international commission assembled in London in 1909.

One of the important products of the recent Sunda-Expedition of the Geographical Society of Frankfort-on-the-Main is a special study of the morphology of the island of Sumbawa, in the Malay Archipelago, by Dr. J. Elbert. The author makes novel application of a detailed study of the stage of dissection which the volcanoes of the island have reached as a means of deciphering their geological succession. The

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revelation of changes of level, attested by elevated shore lines and drowned coral reefs, is extraordinary; for in the comparatively brief geological period since the eruption and partial dissection of the Sumbawa volcanoes, the sea margin has left its marks at various levels between 1,200 metres above and 400 metres below the present level.

The steady progress of work under the Geological Survey of Canada—a branch of the Department of Mines—carries it now to the publication of Memoir 13, on Southern Vancouver Island, by Charles H. Clapp (Ottawa). For those who desire only a summary, the first thirty pages on topography and geology will suffice admirably, while the remaining pages contain detailed information for the specialist. A result of general interest is contained in the explanation of the highlands of Vancouver as a formerly worn-down mountainous region, now uplifted and again dissected into mountainous form; thus yet another example is added to the growing list of mountains not in their first, but in at least their second, cycle of erosion.

There is a quality of fresh, agrestic vigor in the late Prof. F. H. King's "Farmers of Forty Centuries" (Madison, Wis.: Mrs. King) which compensates for the absence of literary style. The author made a journey through the accessible portions of the Far East with an eye single to his purpose of observing methods of farming. Neither temples nor politics nor geishas tempted him a moment from the path of his desire. His note-books, crammed with rapidly recorded observations, contain stores of information which, despite some evidences of haste and a rather exasperating lack of arrangement, will be useful to students of agriculture. Like all Western travellers in Asia, he is impressed with the enormous populations supported upon the land. "Nearly 500,000,000 people," he tells us, "are being maintained chiefly upon the products of an area smaller than the improved farm lands of the United States." This estimate, to be accurate, should embrace the region of French Indo-Asia. The cause of their well-being is not wholly, as we in the West incorrectly imagine, their careful tillage, or their great industry and low standards of living. The rainfall of the Asiatic Pacific slope is both larger than in our Atlantic area and falls more exclusively during the summer months, when its efficiency in crop production may be highest. Moreover, "the selection of rice and of the millets as the great staple food crops of these nations, and the systems of agriculture they have evolved to realize the most from them, are to us remarkable and indicate a grasp of essentials and principles which may well cause Western nations to pause and reflect." A considerable factor in this productivity is the extensive system of canalization which, in China alone, would represent forty canals across the United States from east to west and sixty from north to south, a mileage greater than that of all our railways combined. A trip through the vast loess region of northern China, of which he takes no account, would have furnished the author still another source of economic maintenance to credit to China.

In "The Steamship Conquest of the World" (Conquest of Science Series; Lippincott), Frederick A. Talbot gives an excellent survey. From the first rough sketch to the completed floating hotel he takes us through the draughting room, and the tank in which various models are tested in the search for the greatest stability and speed; through the mould loft and the machine shops, where the plates to form the keel and the skin are shaped, and the frames, the vessel's ribs, are bent to form; along the ways on which the structure is erected, and follows the growth until the ship is launched, finished, and fitted out for service. Similarly, we can trace the evolution of the steam engine from simple beginnings to the Mauretania's turbines of 70,000 horsepower. It is to be regretted that more space was not given to the introduction of electricity and internal-combustion engines. There are chapters on safety at sea, ice perils, dangers of the deep, surveying, ocean graveyards, salvage of wrecks, "ship surgery," or the rebuilding of stranded steamers, the fight for the "blue ribbon of the Atlantic," etc., all of which should prove interesting to the ocean traveller. That on The Luxury of the Modern Liner will appeal strongly to the passenger of plethoric purse and make him of more slender means marvel that so much money devoted to mere decoration should be, as it probably is, a profitable investment. The seasoned voyager is usually content with scrupulous cleanliness, an ample cabin, spacious decks, attentive service, a good table, safety, and a speed appropriate to his need. The cover title, "Conquest of the Sea," is more attractive than exact. This conquest has not been achieved by the fast liners he describes at such length, but by the humble tramp steamer which has so displaced the sailing ship, that "white-winged argosy of peace," as to absorb more than 90 per cent. of the world's commerce. To this unlovely but useful craft, her design and internal arrangement, the author devotes scant attention. The book is not wholly free from typographical errors. The word "taffrail," here used in a general sense, applies only to the rail at the stern of a ship. Ivigtut, not "Ivitgut," is the port in Greenland whence kryolite or kryolith, not "kyrolith," is shipped. These are but slight blemishes in a useful and entertaining work.

Drama

The volume of "Plays by Björnsterne Björnson," which Scribners are about to publish, contains "The New System," "The Gauntlet," and "Beyond Human Power," in a translation by Edwin Björkman.

The "Five Little Plays" by the well-known English dramatist, Alfred Sutro, which have just been published (Brentano's), are all characteristic of their author in ingenuity of invention and fluency of dialogue, but none of them suggests the sincerity of purpose and inevitability of consequence which constitute the essence of true drama. They give the impression of imaginative sketches—sometimes very clever sketches—not of transcripts from actual life. In spite of a certain superficial plausibility, the action of the puppets is too clearly governed, not by nature or circumstance, but by managerial preordination. Most of them were written, apparently, for the exploitation of particular players. "The Man in the Stalls," which had some success in London, is a fanciful variation upon the eternal theme of the domestic triangle, with an element of surprise in it, which would be very likely to stir the enthusiasm of the groundlings, but is far too improbable for credence. It shows how a false wife avenges herself upon a recreant lover and hoodwinks a confiding and honorable husband, whose simplicity, it may be added, is almost as phenomenal as her own duplicity. The piece has "situations" and some "smart" dialogue, but is hopelessly tricky and unsympathetic. In "A Marriage Has Been Arranged" a rough multi-millionaire, seeking an aristocratic marriage, first provokes a titled pauper beauty—*sold to him by her mother*—to bitter recrimination by his cynical self-exposure and then wins her by an unexpected proof of his fundamental nobility and generosity. Few more stage-worn figures are to be found in the theatrical lumber room. The talk, for all the occasional snappy sentences, is as artificial and conventional as the speakers. "The Man on the Kerb," a study of the underworld, in which an unfortunate fellow, unemployed through no fault of his own, is exhibited, with his wife and infant, in the last stages of starvation and despair, has more of dramatic earnestness in it and contains some true and pathetic strokes, but the effect at last is marred by excess of melodramatic agony. But this, well played, would be a moving piece before the footlights. In "The Open Door" the noble Sir Geoffrey and the peerless Lady Torminster pass the midnight hours in mutual admissions of passionate but sinless love, while the husband of the lady snores unconsciously above. They part before he wakes. This is a pretty scene, handled with delicate adroitness, but the atmosphere that pervades it is of the theatre, not of life. "The Bracelet," which had the honor of production in the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, is a domestic comedietta, of no especial significance, but very well made. It relates the discomfiture of a sentimental stock-broker, who incurs the fury of his formidable wife, for the sake of a pretty governess. This piece has amusing incidents and characters, and also has its moral, though not a particularly fresh one.

Charles Frohman has completed arrangements for John Mason's appearance next season in a new comedy by Augustus Thomas, who will devote his entire time between now and next September to completing the piece.

Sir Herbert Tree is back in London, preparing for the production of a new play at His Majesty's at Easter. He has been studying the methods of the Art Theatre in Moscow, where he saw Gordon Craig's production of "Hamlet." It appears to have left him with the impression that the art of the author had been subordinated to that of the producer. In this respect, the chaste symbolism of Mr. Craig does not seem to be an improvement upon the luxurious and luxuriant spectacle of which Sir Herbert himself is a past master. The sooner stage reformers learn that the play and the acting are the really important things in the theatre, the better it will be

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for the art of which they prate so incessantly.

"The Son and Heir," by Gladys Unger, just produced in the Strand Theatre in London, appears, like most thesis plays, to present extravagant special conditions as fair examples of a general rule. A tyrannical and brutal old baronet, in his blind regard for his son and heir, an intolerable young cub, is supremely indifferent to the happiness of the rest of the family. He separates his eldest daughter from her lover and compels her to marry a dissolute and shameless politician, and when he hears that his younger daughter has listened to the suit of his son's penniless tutor, promptly orders the latter out of the house. Nor will he listen to the older sister's intercession until she tells him that she will endure her matrimonial degradation no longer, but means to elope, next morning, with the man she really loves. In the morning, however, the baronet gives his consent to the younger girl's betrothal to the tutor, whereupon the elder sister dismisses her lover and voluntarily resumes the matrimonial yoke.

"Macbeth" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are first among the projected revivals of Granville Barker.

The coming revival of "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's Theatre, in London, is to be followed soon by a reproduction, in the London Vaudeville, of A. W. Pinero's once popular farce, "The Schoolmistress." This piece was produced originally in the spring of 1886. Arthur Cecil made a hit as Vere Queckett, and John Clayton another as Admiral Rankling, while Mrs. John Wood triumphed as Miss Dyott, Rose Norreys was Peggy Hesselrigge, and Fred Kerr the Lieut. Mallory. In the revival, Hilda Trevelyan will be the Bessie, Mr. Gwenn the Admiral, and Dion Boucicault the Vere Queckett. Who will replace Mrs. John Wood has not yet been finally settled.

It does not seem probable that Stanley Houghton will repeat with his latest play, "Trust the People," just produced at the London Garrick, the success which he won with "Hindle Wakes" and "The Younger Generation." A London critic says:

Here is Mr. Stanley Houghton, who knows Lancashire, not content to write about what he knows, but sitting down to write about what he doesn't know, the behavior of Cabinet Ministers *en petit comité*, and a queer hash he, of course, makes of it.

Edmund Tearle, whose death in England was announced a few days ago, was a brother of the late Osmund Tearle, once leading man in Wallack's Theatre. Both brothers acquired honorable reputations in the British Isles as Shakespearean actors. Edmund was born in 1856, was at one time a manager in Leeds, and was popular in modern sensational melodrama, as well as in the legitimate. When Ristori played Lady Macbeth in English, he supported her as the Thane, and accompanied her to the United States. At home he found favor as Virginius and Richard III, and was praised also for his Othello, Ingomar, Hamlet, and Jacques. He revived "Damon and Pythias" and John Howard Payne's "Brutus" with considerable success. In 1892 he produced "Julius Cæsar" at the Olympic Theatre in London, but failed to make much impression. In the provinces, however, he was highly esteemed as a capable and conscientious actor.

Music

"Composers in Love and Marriage," a new book by J. Cuthbert Hadden, will be brought out shortly by Scribners.

There is a general idea prevalent among people interested in musical work that comparatively few institutions of learning offer any definite credit for the study of music. In the great majority of the larger schools courses are offered in harmony, counterpoint, and history and appreciation of music, but in few cases can the student make any extensive advance in the different branches of the art. Oberlin College, however, with the Oberlin Conservatory as one of the affiliated departments of the school, is now offering a course that is interesting musical people throughout the country. At Oberlin music not only receives liberal credit as one of the regular courses of the college, but it is one of the subjects which a student may take as a major. The major system at Oberlin, as at many other colleges, is a comprehensive plan of the entire course of study mapped out by the undergraduate and his faculty adviser. Of the 120 hours required for the Oberlin degree, the major study must comprise not less than fifteen nor more than thirty-two. The regularly required subjects, one of which must be a course in the fine arts or in the appreciation of music, tend to give a well-balanced general education, while the major system provides an opportunity for reasonable specialization. Thus a man who is interested in music, or who contemplates entering the Conservatory after receiving his A.B., may elect music as his major study. The requirement in this major is eighteen hours of theory, which includes a thorough course in harmony, counterpoint, harmonic analysis, and the elements of musical form. The courses in the history and appreciation of music are conducted by Prof. Edward Dickinson, author of several well-known books, including "The Education of a Music Lover."

The "progressives" in politics are old-fogy reactionaries compared with the "progressives" in music. Apparently even Arnold Schönberg, the notorious German cacophonist, has not spoken the last word. The Russian composer, Scriabine, has written an orchestral work called "Prometheus," which seems to mark the limit of the secession movement. In order to understand this music, it is necessary, according to the official commentator, to regard the notes C, D, E, F sharp, A, and B flat as forming a consonant chord; and if that jumble of tones is a consonance, what must a dissonance be! To give the audience a better chance to understand this work, it was played twice in one concert given in London; yet the critics and the audience were mystified. "It is not the musical art we know; it may be another one," wrote the *Times* critic.

The management of the Berlin Opera has made some improvements in the staging of "Rheingold," which are described as "wonderfully realistic and effective." Von Hülsen hit upon the expedient of having three members of the ballet impersonate the Rhine maidens, while the singers were stationed just below them, though out of sight of the audience. The arrangement enabled the Rhine daughters to plunge and swim about by means of a new technical appliance with a freedom that would be quite impossible if they had to do the singing themselves, and the illusion was striking. A few novel and startling effects were also introduced in Nibelheim, while some beautifully picturesque results were obtained in the scene on the mountain heights where Wotan and Fricka lie sleeping.

One of America's foremost musical critics, William Foster Apthorp, died of heart failure on Wednesday at Vevey, Switzerland, which had been his home for some years. He was born in 1848, and when seven years old was taken abroad, to get his schooling in Dresden, Berlin, and Rome. In 1860 he returned to Boston, and nine years later graduated from Harvard. In music, John K. Paine and B. J. Lang were his teachers. In 1872 he began to turn his knowledge to use by teaching harmony, first at Ryan's National College of Music and afterwards at the New England Conservatory. From 1872 to 1877 he had charge of the musical department of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which at that time W. D. Howells was the editor. His first book was printed in 1879. It contains selections of wise and witty pages from the autobiography, the literary essays, and the letters of Berlioz—a most entertaining book. The skill with which the French idioms are turned into their French equivalents betrayed the exceptional literary gift of Mr. Apthorp—a gift which, beginning with 1881, the readers of the Boston *Transcript* had almost daily occasion to admire for more than twenty years, during which he did much to elevate the tone of American criticism and to help form a taste for the best in music. For a number of years he was also the editor of the programme books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Doubtless there was too much "parsing" in some of his analyses, but, as a whole, they gave as good a preliminary idea of a musical work as can be given in words. He undertook the herculean task of editing for the Scribners the "Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," in three volumes, which are particularly valuable because of their literary references and for the opportunity they give to get information on particular operas, oratorios, and famous songs and instrumental pieces. Full of useful suggestions, as well as most entertaining, are his books, "Musicians and Music Lovers," "By the Way," "The Opera, Past and Present."

Art

Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art: An Outline of East Asiatic Design. By Ernest Francisco Fenollosa. With 184 full-page illustrations, many colored, two volumes quarto. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $10 net.

By a magnificent effort, as if foreseeing his premature death, Fenollosa precipitated within three months' space this remarkable compend of his dearest tastes and finest wisdom. Out of the pencil copy with the aid of Japanese experts his widow has made this book.

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It is the work of an enthusiast at fever heat, and, obviously, since the author was never in a position to substantiate his chronology and attributions, the reader must approach the historical statements in these volumes with a certain skepticism. Fenollosa, as he himself always stoutly maintained, was not in the strict sense a scho'ar. His knowledge of the Chinese and Japanese languages was insufficient to allow him to control his authorities at first hand. But Fenollosa was something much rarer than a scholar. An adventurous spirit, indefatigably curious in all matters of the mind and heart, trained in philosophy, familiar with the great art of the West before he devoted his life to that of the Far East, his was the profoundest culture and the widest human experience that has been directed to this particular theme. Then he possessed an extraordinary eloquence. His descriptions and appreciations of the masterpieces of Japanese and Chinese design have a passionate rhythm. Constantly rhapsody threatens to lapse into absurdity, but some saving restraint of taste always saves the day. The purple patches in these volumes are in an ultra-romantic fashion very fine literature.

If Fenollosa lacked the mole-like persistency of the born specialist, he had advantages of first-hand contact with the best art of the Far East such as have possibly come to no other student. For years he was Imperial Commissioner to inventory the temple treasures of Japan, where, withal, the finest Chinese paintings are found. Thus he had not merely the boon of encyclopædic experience, but the greater advantage of untrammelled leisure. As he did his work for the Japanese Government he began to collect on his own account, and allying himself with Boston amateurs of taste and means, he thus built up the extraordinary collection of Far Eastern painting now in the Art Museum of Boston. Doubtless certain European scholars are in a position to correct his volumes freely; it is certain that none could give so vivid a sense of the specific beauty of this art or awaken so deep a reverence for the civilization that produced it. Again, the winning personality of Fenollosa brought him unique facilities. As a champion of aristocratic and national art against invading European tendencies in Japan, he had access to the private collections of the old nobles. He was a familiar and valued visitor in the studios of the last of the Kano and Tosa painters, and he came just in time to garner the accumulated art traditions of these ancient schools. In short, if he left undone what an average specialist might readily accomplish, he did what no other man could possibly have done in the way of appraising and actually preserving the ancient glories of the Far East in art. We can touch only in passing upon points of especial interest in these two volumes, and still more lightly on certain defects natural to the man or deriving from the conditions under which his great work was hastened to completion.

One of Fenollosa's most striking theories is that of an underlying Polynesian basis for all of Far Eastern design. From Peru, along the Pacific shores to Siam, he believes certain characteristic motives—the mask, the eye, the frigate bird emblem—may be traced. These reappear on the most primitive Chinese bronzes. Evidently, it is not possible to weigh this generalization here. It is plausible on its face, and corresponds with the fact that the Japanese stubbornly retain racial habits that seem Polynesian. Whatever the future of the Polynesian hypothesis, Chinese art before the Christian era had outgrown these aboriginal beginnings. Fenollosa points out convincingly that the socialistic positivism of Confucius was ever alien to art. The awaking came through contact with the luxurious civilization of the Mesopotamian valley and adjacent Turkestan, through the individualism of Laotse, and the coming of Buddhism from India. And here arises the problem of Hellenistic influence in China, a topic often more vigorously discussed than clearly illuminated. Fenollosa sensibly concludes that, while the slightly Hellenized Buddhist sculpture of India might have counted for something in transmission, what China really got from the second to the seventh century after Christ was a mediated and highly diluted Hellenism, chiefly borrowed from her neighbors and occasional dependents, the Parthians and Scythians of Central Asia. He thinks, too, that the influence was transient and without lasting effects. This cautious and acceptable conclusion brings Greek influence down to very little, and makes the mediation of the Indian Greco-Buddhist style superfluous. It seems reasonable to us to go a step further and ask if Sassanian art of the third and fourth centuries A. D. will not explain every case of so-called Hellenism in India and the Far East. Not the Mausoleum, but the cliff carvings in honor of Chapour II and III seem to be the prototypes for all Hellenized Buddhistic monuments. Earlier infiltrations of Grecian motives after Alexander's time are likely to have been, but these are as yet unproved and presumably were of the most negligible sort. It should not be necessary to add that Sassanian art itself is merely Oriental and realistic, with only the slightest infusion of Greek stylism. It was the luxurious realism of the Mesopotamian art, whose outposts reached beyond Khotan, that for a moment carried abstract Chinese design from its moorings. The perfection of the realistic manner may be studied in those "grape-vine and lion" mirrors filled with the most vivacious high relief which native amateurs ascribe to the late Han dynasty (first and second centuries A. D.). Fenollosa more reasonably sets them four or five centuries later as superb and exceptional expressions of the Tang genius.

The attempt to reconstruct the legendary glories of Tang painting (618-906) from later copies is the most fascinating part of this work, the most debatable and, to your reviewer, the most satisfactory. The undertaking is of enormous difficulty. We presume there are not extant half a dozen sheets or scrolls which the most hopeful expert would assign to this period. But there are thousands of copies, mostly of Japanese workmanship, professing faithfully to convey the glories of Wang-wei, Yen-li-pen and Godoshi, and other half-mythical masters, besides a considerable amount of ancient critical literature. The task of reconstruction, then, is much as if merely from the Greco-Roman copies of the Vatican and the reading of Pausanias and Pliny one should endeavor to infer the qualities of Greek sculpture. Winckelmann actually did that, with results more enticing from a literary than from an archæological point of view. It is here that Fenollosa's fairly clairvoyant sense of quality stood him in good stead. His selection of the trustworthy copies represents the ardor and experience of a lifetime. On the side of hieratic art one may say that he has established for Tang a canon of mingled grandeur and sweetness. Only the finest panels of Ambruogio Lorenzetti seem to match the mood and quality of this half-obscured school. Tang landscape presents a less specific aspect, and one may be prepared to conclude against the elder critics and native experts that the finer development of landscape is a product of the troubled interim of the Five Dynasties (907-959), and of Sung (960-1280). Such a view would comport with the human temper of these respective dynasties. A society, admirably adjusted along lines of military efficiency by the Tang Emperors, in which the dry moralism of Confucius managed to live peaceably both with the eager individualism of Laotse and with Buddhist quietism, had small need of the solace of mountain and river, whereas the world of the Five Dynasties and of Sung, always unquiet, imperilled by dissensions at home and advancing barbarians at the border, may well have betaken itself in the spirit of Rousseau to the calming spectacle of sublime nature.

In treating the historical periods of Chinese and Japanese design Fenollosa follows in the footsteps of Giles, Bushell, Laurence Binyon, Arthur Morrison, Petrucci, Seichi-taki, Okakura Kakuzo, and others. His superiority on the historical side may well be contested, but nobody has brought to the appreciation of this beautiful art an equal vividness

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of soul commanding equal stylistic resources. Small grounds of disappointment with the work are the disproportionate space given to hieratic art, and the rather succinct treatment of landscape. Here a long and fine excerpt from the painter-critic Kakki, and the fact that the theme has been treated often and sympathetically, does not compensate for what Fenollosa might have written. We also feel that he rates too low the painting of the Yuan (1280-1368) and Ming (1368-1644) dynasties. Admitting its inferiority to Sung painting, the art of the later dynasties was exquisite in social *genre*, idyllically charming in landscape, and masterly in portraiture. That Fenollosa's ground was deliberately taken, this extract from the Introduction will show:

> Nor do I attempt to treat all forms and phases of art, but only imaginative or creative art. Art may be looked upon as a continuous effort, a solid material manufacture that persists through the ages, and that never languishes, but this sort of art is for the most part classical and uncreative, and will be found to borrow all its motives and all its forms from rare creative epochs. My intention, and one which I believe will render an important historical service, is to treat the creative periods only.

Here is the issue squarely made. We can only say that the idyllic and effeminate temper of Ming does not seem to us in any way derivative or secondary. It surely does represent a lower order of inspiration, but on its lower plane it is as creative as the mood that produced the austere courtly *genre* and sublimated landscape of Sung. To be exquisite in a small way is neither to offend nor to lack sincerity. Our author apparently uses the word creative in some esoteric sense, as he clearly does the word classic when he opposes it to imaginative and creative. Surely, the classic periods are precisely those which posterity perceives to have been highly creative. We do not wish to emphasize unduly these differences of judgment. If Fenollosa has, as we feel, underestimated the art of Yuan and Ming, the exaggeration is a wholesome one, and the practical loss small. In these periods the average Occidental finds himself safely amid his usual predilections, and needs little guidance.

We believe this book will take rank among the few great humane treatises on art. In the widest sense it is both historical and critical. It is based on no isolated study of the monuments, though no man had done this more faithfully, but upon profound knowledge and admiration of Far Eastern civilization as a whole. Of a life-work that was in the highest sense interpretative it is the ultimate fruit. Superficial defects of form are as nothing when compared with the strength of the sustenance and the richness of the flavor.

Finance

PROBLEMS OF FINANCIAL EUROPE.

The rather general consensus here, to the effect that the recent unnatural conditions in financial Europe have had a hand in our own faltering markets, adds to the interest and curiosity concerning what will follow upon the return of peace. That there will be an early end to the war, the European stock exchanges seem to have agreed, even since the rejection of the terms of peace on January 23 and the resumption of hostilities. From Berlin, this is the report to the principal London financial weekly, under a date well on in February:

> The renewal of hostilities has had no considerable effect upon the Boerse; traders still holding firmly to their conviction that the war must soon come to an end, despite the apparently unyielding attitude of both parties.

The Paris correspondent has this to say:

> The denunciation of the armistice exercised but little influence on the Bourse. A final agreement is expected shortly, and quotations have even moved up, owing to the belief that Turkey will find it impossible to continue the war.

Even discouraged and pessimistic Vienna thus reports:

> The disposition of the Bourse is optimistic, and, whilst war is beginning again, it already assumes that peace must speedily follow, and bring all the blessings which protracted uncertainty has withheld so long.

Nevertheless, ever since the "war panic" of October 12 on Europe's stock exchanges, followed by the prolonged money stringency, the question has repeatedly been asked, here and abroad, whether the sequel was not bound to be a period of reaction in Europe's trade. Throughout the active military campaign which was terminated by the armistice of November 20, there was no sign of such reaction. Even the tight money of the period was discussed, not as a necessary cause for a halt in trade expansion, but rather as an effect of further trade expansion.

Now, however, the question of industrial consequences is apparently exciting more concern. There were business troubles last week in several Continental cities—notably in the Hamburg coffee trade and the Amsterdam rubber trade. A letter to the London *Economist* from the Amsterdam Stock Exchange says of the feeling in that market that, "even given a speedy settlement of the war, the after-effects of the economic exhaustion of Eastern Europe are likely to extend far beyond that sphere." The *Economist* itself, though declaring that "the trade boom continues," admits that the business troubles of Southeastern Europe "must eventually hit our export trade and consequently our manufacturers." A cable dispatch to New York from a well-known London financial correspondent, last Saturday, testified that "there are undoubtedly numerous indications, both here and in Germany, of some decline in trade."

If this apprehension were to be realized, what then? The nearest parallel—and, in fact, the most recent occasion when a general reaction in European trade, outside of the world-wide relapse of 1907, has occurred—came under circumstances not unlike those that now exist. The Boer War had broken out in October, 1899, as did the Balkan War in October, 1912. There was a panicky break on Europe's stock exchanges (like that of last autumn) and a similar severe money stringency, reflected by advance in official discount rates at the great European banks. That movement was more serious than last autumn's; the bank rate went to 6 per cent. at London, to 4½ at Paris, and to 7 at Berlin, whereas the highest rates of the past season were, respectively, 5, 4, and 6.

For that unusual tightness there were two special reasons in 1899—the fact that the war had bottled up $70,000,000 per annum in gold which had previously flowed from the Transvaal mines into European bank reserves, and the fact that a boom of huge proportions, on Europe's stock exchanges, in its company promotions, and in general trade, had encountered the war scare at a moment of over-extended credit. That position has this much of counterpart in the present situation—that the Continental hoarders of gold have done in 1912 part of what the Transvaal blockade did in 1899, and that another extended trade and speculative boom—notably in Germany and Austria—had reached a climax in the early months of 1912.

What happened, after the strain of war and stringent money had shaken Europe's markets at the close of 1899, was interesting. Early in 1900 the extended trade position showed signs of weakness. In Russia came a financial and industrial collapse; of France, a contemporary commercial review wrote that "there was a breakdown in industrial enterprise during 1900, and everything was at a standstill throughout the year." Germany, after a few months of renewed activity, was confronted with a severe though temporary commercial crisis at the end of 1900, with great trouble among the country's land-mortgage banks. England entered on a period of reaction, from which it did not really emerge until 1903.

So far as concerned the United States, the story of 1900 was of a temporary and more or less sharp reaction in industries dependent largely on the export trade, a fall on the Stock Exchange, and consequent talk of great apprehension over politics. Then, at the close of the

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year, came the extraordinary financial and industrial revival in this country, which economists now attribute partly to the country's previous business economies, partly to its progress in real wealth through abundant harvests, but partly also to the wholesale release of tied-up international capital through the European liquidation. The analogy would be gratifying, if one could always depend on such analogies.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainsworth, P. C. The Silences of Jesus. Revell. $1.25 net.
Anderson, J. A. Religious Unrest and its Remedy. Revell. 75 cents net.
Ashby-Sterry, J. The River Rhymer. Scribner.
Barclay, Mrs. Hubert. A Dream of Blue Roses. Doran. $1.25 net.
Brown, Alice. Vanishing Points. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Burrell, D. J. The Sermon, its Construction and Delivery. Revell. $1.50 net.
Chase, J. S. California Coast Trails. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Choate, J. H. The Two Hague Conferences. Princeton University Press. $1.
Cochran, J. C. A Rainbow in the Rain. Revell. 50 cents net.
Cook, A. S. The Date of the Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses. Yale Univ. Press.
Cowan, M. G. The Education of the Women of India. Revell. $1.25 net.
Disbrow, C. W. Periodic Financial Panics. St. Louis: Finance Pub. Co.
Dow, A. W. Composition: Exercises in Art Structure. Seventh edition. Doubleday, Page.
Downey, E. H. History of Work Accident Indemnity in Iowa. Iowa City: State Historical Society.
Duval, G. R. Written in the Sand. Phila.: Winston Co. $1.20 net.
Elderkin, G. W. Problems in Periclean Buildings. Princeton Univ. Press. $1.75.
Emery, F. B. The Violinist's Dictionary. Scribner.
Flitch, J. E. C. The National Gallery. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Gibbon, I. G. Medical Benefit: A Study of the Experience of Germany and Denmark. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Gillette, J. M. Constructive Rural Sociology. Sturgis & Walton. $1.60 net.
Griffith, R. H. Some Notes on the Dunciad. Reprinted from Modern Philology. University of Texas: The Author.
Gundelfinger, G. F. The Ice Lens: A Four-Act Play. Shakespeare Press. $1 net.
Guthrie, W. N. The Vital Study of Literature, and Other Essays. Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co. $2 net.
Hamilton, P. J. Mobile of the Five Flags. Mobile, Ala.: Gill Printing Co.
Hart, J. A. Sardou and the Sardou Plays. Phila.: Lippincott. $2.50 net.
Harvard College Observatory Annals. Vols. 56-8.
Hough, R. H., and Boehm, W. M. Electricity and Magnetism. Macmillan. $1.10 net.
Howells, W. D. New Leaf Mills. Harper. $1.50 net.
Howe, W. E. A History of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Museum.
Huish, M. B. Japan and Its Art. Third edition, revised. Scribner.
Hull, W. I. The New Peace Movement. Boston: The World Peace Foundation.
Inness, George. Fifty Paintings. Introduction by Elliott Daingerfield. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. $20.
Kent, Oliver. Her Right Divine. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Legge, Edward. King Edward in His True Colours. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Leith, C. K. and A. T. A Summer and Winter on Hudson Bay. Madison, Wis.: Cantwell Printing Co. $2.50 net.
L'Ermite, Pierre. The Mighty Friend: A Romance of Labor Warfare. Trans. by John Hannon. Benziger Bros. $1.50 net.
London, Jack. The Night-Born, and Other Stories. Century. $1.50 net.
Luzzi, Giovanni. The Struggle for Christian Truth in Italy. Revell. $1.50 net.
McCann, A. W. Starving America. Cleveland, O.: F. M. Barton. $1.50 net.
McKenna, Stephen. The Reluctant Lover. Phila.: Winston Co. $1.20 net.
McLeod, Addison. Plays and Players in Modern Italy. Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co. $2.75 net.
Martin, Michael. The Roman Curia as it now Exists. Benziger Bros. $1.50 net.
Mayne, Rutherford. The Drone: A Play. Boston: Luce & Co. 75 cents net.
Murray, Gilbert. Four Stages of Greek Religion. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.
Noyes, F. N. Mark. Edward J. Clode. $1.25 net.
Orcutt, W. D. The Madonna of Sacrifice: A Story of Florence. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.
Pound, Hulme. Ripostes of Ezra Pound; Poetical Works of T. E. Hulme. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Shakespeare's Tragedy of Julius Cæsar, edited by R. M. Lovett. (Tudor edition.) Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Sinclair, May. The Combined Maze. Harper. $1.35 net.
Skinner, H. D. Their Choice: A Novel. Benziger Bros. $1.
Smith, Stephen. The City That Was. Frank Allaben.
Stanley M. M. The Souls of Men. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Starr, Louis. Hygiene of the Nursery. Eighth edition. Phila.: Blakiston. $1 net.
Stevens, E. S. My Sudan Year. Doran. $3.50 net.
Talbot, P. A. In the Shadow of the Bush. Doran. $5 net.
U. S. Geological Survey for Calendar Year 1911. Part I, Metals; II, Nonmetals. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Usher, R. G. Pan-Germanism. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Van Buren, Evelyn. Pippin. Century Co. $1.30 net.
Van Kleeck, Mary. Women in the Bookbinding Trade. Survey Associates, Inc. $1.50.
Veatch, B. E. The Two Samurai. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.
Wagner, Hermenegild. With the Victorious Bulgarians. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Washburn, Stanley. Nogi, a Man Against the Background of a Great War. Holt. $1 net.
White, A. D. The First Hague Conference. (Reprinted from Dr. White's Autobiography.) Boston: World Peace Foundation.
Why I am Opposed to Socialism. Original Papers by Leading Men and Women. Sacramento, Cal.: Edward Silvin. 75 cents.
Wolfson, A. M. Outline for Review Civics. American Book Co. 25 cents.
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